

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. X. | J. J. OWEN, Editor and Manager, Flood Building, Market Street. | SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1890. | TERMS (In Advance): $2.50 per annum; $1.25 for six months. | NO. 11.

CONTENTS:

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The man with true fortitude is like a castle built upon a rock.

He has the greatest blind side who thinks he has none.

Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom.—*Carlyle.*

Pity makes the world soft to the weak, and noble for the strong.

When the blind man carries the banner, woe unto those who follow.

Every violation of truth is a stab at the health of human society.

There is hardly any circumstance so bad that it may not be made worse by mismanagement.

Let our lives be as pure as the snow-fields, where our foot leaves a mark, but not a stain.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short-lived and apt to have ague fits.

There are lying looks as well as lying words, dissembling smiles, decieving signs, and even a lying silence.

Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread.—*Jefferson.*

You have not fulfilled every duty, unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.—*Charles Buxton.*

He that blushes not at his crime, but adds shamlessness to shame, has nothing left to restore him to virtue.

Religion is the perfection of wisdom, practice the best instructor, thanksgiving the sweetest recreation.

Think not thy own shadow longer than that of others, nor delight to take the altitude of thyself.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

A man who does me a wrong injures himself; what, then, shall I do myself a further wrong by injuring him?—*Epictetus.*

It isn't living on the bread and water that is the happiness, but the being able to be happy even on bread and water.—*Seneca.*

He that loveth a good book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance.

There are two ways of getting through this world. One way is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay.

If we would have powerful minds we must think; if we would have faithful hearts we must love; if we would have strong muscles we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

Across the Continent—No. 3.

BY AMOS ADAMS.

In taking our leave of New Orleans, the Queen city of the South, with its 250,000 inhabitants, the great Father of Waters sweeping majestically past it, its great possibilities, its suburbs dotted here and there with magnolia and orange groves, the soft, balmy air of early morn fanning our cheeks, we could but wish that more northern pluck, perseverance, and go-a-headitiveness could be infused into its citizens. Had it the indomitable business energy of Chicago, Minneapolis, Denver or Los Angeles, they would soon have a thousand flat boats bringing dirt from the bluffs up the river, to raise the whole city fifteen or eighteen feet above its present level, then with underground sewers leading and emptying the wastage in the river eight or ten miles below the city, New Orleans would bid defiance to the "yellow jack" and other epidemics so common to low latitudes, and soon outstrip many of her more northern neighbors, and be one of the most desirable places of residence east of the Rockies.

As we speed on our way we cross several bayous, (which Californians call sloughs, being the water-courses that commence at tide water and run inland,) some of them extend from one to two hundred miles inland. The two principal ones we crossed to-day were those connecting Lake Ponchartrain with the Gulf of Mexico. At each of these crossings U. S. Custom Houses are established to prevent smuggling from Mexico and other Central and South American ports. To our left and until we reach Pearl River, the southeastern boundary of Louisiana, canebreaks cover the country—resembling very much our tule country; to our right is the Gulf of Mexico. Crossing Pearl river we enter the State of Mississippi where the land is higher and more timber is seen. Cotton fields, sugar plantations, cotton gin and sugar mills are frequently seen, with the ever-present sons of Ham, and with an untold number of little Hams, most of them so black that it is proof positive that no effort has been made in this section of the country to remove the color-line by the bleaching out process.

As we skirt along the northern shore of the Gulf we see in the distance, ships lying becalmed with their sails flapping lazily against their masts as they roll with the movement of the waves. As we approach Mobile Bay steam-tugs are seen in the distance towing vessels in and out of the harbor, giving it quite a business-like appearance. Cotton, sugar, lumber, turpentine in large quantities, are shipped from Mobile. Its streets and sidewalks look as though no repairs had been put on them for the last hundred years, and the buildings as seen from the immediate vicinity of the cars are the most dilapidated, ramshackled, antiquated we have ever seen in a city of the size and pretentions of Mobile. The people and the place look to be at least three hundred years behind the age. The whites, the negroes, and the festive mule are each striving to out-vie each other in the slowness of their movements. One thing, however, is certain; that the "competitive system" of obtaining a living has never reached this part of God's heritage, and would make the heart of the most zealous follower of the Boss Dreamer leap with joy to see how completely the citizens of Mobile have abolished, yea, banished from their minds every thought of the hateful "competitive system." Therefore, let the Nationalists take heart and rejoice that their principles are religiously lived up to in countries and among peoples who are strangers to their teachings.

But we must hurry out of Mobile lest we may be infected with the same disease. And here we are crossing the Tombigbee river, and now we are crossing the Alabama river. These rivers are close together, are large and spanned by huge iron bridges. And again we enter the forests of Alabama, where is found the pine tree that furnishes the turpentine of commerce. It differs in appearance from other varieties of the pine; the bark is spotted, of dull colors similar to that of the adder-snake; the top of each tree is as flat as a barn floor; they grow up to a certain height, and then are seemingly arrested by some unseen obstacle. To gather the turpentine the bark is removed from the side of the tree say four inches wide and a foot and a half long; at the bottom of this scarf a hole or box is made with an ax, into which the turpentine runs and is then gathered. The next year more bark is removed and thus the process goes on. The turpentine and lumber business forms important industries in many of the States of the South. Dilapidated villages filled with indolent whites and blacks without the least evidence of thrift or enterprise are often passed; negro cabins frequently without doors and windows and occasionally only a portion of the roof on, was not an unusual sight. At five P. M. we reach Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, and as usual we seek a hotel, where we tarry for the train of the next day.

Montgomery is considerably in advance of her Southern sister, Mobile, in thrift and enterprise. Negroes seemed to constitute a majority of those seen on the streets. The welcome sound of the approaching train that is to take us to Atlanta is heard, and our lunchbasket and valise, including ourselves, are soon on board, and we are again passing through a country a counterpart of which we have described.

One institution we are so familiar with all through the Northern States, is noticeably absent in the Southern States; that is, the country school-house. Not one was to be seen outside of villages between New Orleans and Atlanta. If any there were, they did not present any distinguishing feature from the common tumble-down houses so common on the road. And then the almost total absence of wagon roads and bridges across small streams, causes a wonderment how the people pass from one neighborhood to that of another.

Large cotton fields are not often seen; small ones of a few acres each, predominate, and beside each is the negro cabin, the doors and windows of which are generally filled with little chubby faced pledges of affection, whose faces are as black as midnight.

The fecundity of the negro race is remarkable, exceeding that of any other people not excepting those coming from the "Ould Sod," and if Senator Butler solves the race problem by the deportation of the blacks to Africa, the work should be begun immediately, as it is said by one who has studied the subject, that now that the relationship of the husband and wife are respected, the negro race will double itself once in twenty-four years, and that in 1980 the black race will be numerically the largest in the United States. But the question of the preponderance of races, like the millennium promised by the believers in Bellamy's dream, should not disturb the equinimity of those at present in the body. It was fortunate for Atlanta that General Hood, the Confederate General who attempted to defend it against Sherman's onward March to the sea, built his defensive works so close to the city that the balls and shells of the Union Army riddled it and laid most of it in ashes. This condition, however disastrous to the citizens of Atlanta at the time, resulted in wider streets, better buildings, and a more modern style of architecture. Its beautiful location and the great influx of Northerners with their capital and enterprise is making Atlanta one of the most promising places of the South. We visited several of the principal points on the line of defensive earthworks thrown up by the Confederates in their vain efforts to keep the victorious Sherman out of Atlanta. Some of the hardest fighting was done at a point near what is now called "Fort Walker," where a brave rebel general fell gallantly fighting for the "lost cause," and which has been kept intact with cannon of large calibre mounted at its various angles ready for action, together with well-filled caisson, etc., gives the place quite a war-like appearance. Notwithstanding, it is now, like miles of other battle-fields around Atlanta, covered with a dense growth of young trees.

A mile or so from Fort Walker is the monument erected over the spot where the gallant General McPherson fell while leading his victorious division of the Army. It consists of a massive granite pedestal and a heavy piece of ordinance with suitable inscription thereon. The monument is enclosed by a railing composed of the barrels of muskets. It also stands in a dense growth of young trees, and about one and a half miles from the city.

Having done Atlanta in our two days stay, "On to Richmond" was next in order. So engaging comfortable seats in a sleeper, we were soon speeding our way out of Georgia across the States of North and South Carolina to Danville, Virginia. In passing through the Southern States we confess to a feeling of disappointment at the apparent abject poverty that appears to exist. There seems to be two classes; the well to do, the intelligent, which constitutes about the one-hundreth part of the population, and the other ninety-nine hundredths are the illiterate whites and blacks, and wherever ignorance prevails in a community, there poverty also exists.

If Senator Blair's Educational bill now pending in the United States Senate, will bring light and education into the darkened places of our country, then may it be speedily enacted into a law.

As the railroad ran no sleeping car through Richmond we were compelled to leave our comfortable quarters in the sleeper for a seat in a day-car. The first thing observable on entering the car was the large half gallon cuspidors placed in every seat. We knew at once we were in the land of "the sweet tobacco posey." It is wonderful, Mr. Editor, how long these Virginians, North and South Carolinans, will live on tobacco. That is, we suppose they do, because their under jaws were constantly in motion, and the cars failed to stop long enough for us outside barbarians to get a lunch; but we got hungry all the same; in fact, desperately hungry. At last we approached a ministerial looking cuss that had kissed several ladies as they entered the cars, (and to us this was an additional reason for thinking he was a minister,) and asked him if the cars stopped for lunch before we reached Richmond (then four hours away). He said they did not; but he said Keyville Cross roads a short distance ahead, was a place noted for the nice chicken lunches furnished to passengers.

As soon as the cars stopped we rushed out expecting to find a well-filled table, but to our surprise we found the "nice chicken lunches" carried in baskets, some by white women, and others by colored ladies. Always having been a believer in the efficacy of the fifteenth amendment, we thought to be consistent we would patronize one of the colored ladies. We found the lunches put up in small packages, each containing a piece of a chicken, a hoe-cake, and a small biscuit made of shorts and all rolled up in a cloth of very doubtful lineage, price, twenty-five cents per package. We bought four to start on, and returned to our seat in the car quite jubilant. Our clerical friend passed us at the time, congratulated us on our good luck, and observed that he always enjoyed a lunch here because the chicken was always boiled in opossum fat. We had no unkind feelings toward the opossum and enjoyed the lunch hugely until we came to the third package, and as we opened it there seemed to be an air of a good old age surrounding it, but we were yet hungry and had no respect for age or "previous condition." We tried to cut the chicken, then tried to break or bite it, but without success. Our appetite immediately left us, and we concluded we had bought a gem of great antiquity, believing at the time it was part of the cock that startled Peter when he denied his master, and that it should be treated with great reverence. Not wishing to take it back to California as a souvenir from Virginia, we watched our opportunity and when no one was looking we shied it out of the window. Since this little episode, you may count me against the fifteenth amendment, and shall in the future patronize white women instead of colored ladies.

Richmond was reached in ample time to dine at the best hotel, surrounded by many of the chivalry of old Virginia, who were attending the Legislature then in session. After dinner we spent an hour in the office of the hotel, which was filled with the wise and the otherwise. Hearing the titles of General, Colonel, and Captain so often used, we felt somewhat inclined to settle in Virginia, hoping to obtain a military title which is so common here, as was the title of "Major" in Georgia a quarter of a century ago.

Richmond stands pre-eminently at the head of all cities in the Southern States we have visited, in all the elements that go to make a great city. It has more of the Northern push and vim than is found elsewhere in the South. The keen, chilling atmosphere here did not add to the pleasure of doing the city, and hastened our departure. Boarding the cars for Washington, we passed through Fredericksburg and over the Rappahannock river, where so many of the brave boys in blue, a nephew of the writer among the number, laid down their lives that we might enjoy the blessings of a united country.

As we skirted along the Potomac rim all the estuaries putting out from that stream were covered with ice. At 3:30 P. M., Jan. 30th, we reached Washington, and soon became guests at the National hotel, but now snugly ensconced at a private boarding-house.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

Manifestations in St. Louis.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

We have in our city one of the best physical mediums (I suppose) to be found anywhere in the country, his manifestations being simply remarkable. An account of his seances has often appeared in the Eastern spiritual journals, and as I do not think it proper that we should hide our lights under a bushel, I am thereby deeply impressed to pen you an account of this wonderful psychic. The medium to whom I allude is Mr. George V. Cordingley, of Mound City, Ills., but now located at 1620 Pine street this city. I have often been asked by persons wishing to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, where they might find a good medium, and I have always referred them to Mr. Cordingley, from the fact that I have attended his seances for the past four years, and am charmed with their fairness and unmistakable character as being what they claim to be—SPIRITUAL and not mortal manifestations. Their genuineness is simply unquestionable, and there is no mistake about the fact that his hands are not used, and there is no *hocus pocus* about it, as hundreds of our best citizens will testify. It is so fair that I do not think it possible for even a skeptic to doubt what I so strongly state. Such a person might not consider it the work of spirits, but he will be obliged to admit that it was not the work of human beings in the form. I will not give a detailed account of his seances, for they are so varied in character, that to fully explain would be trespasssing toodeeply upon your most valuable space. I shall simply describe the phenomena witnessed at a late seance given at his residence, in the presence of fifteen persons. The circle was formed by connecting hands around a plain walnut table upon which was a music box, a tin horn, a slate and block of paper; the medium being held by two lady strangers (skeptics), the lights were then turned out, and the following manifestations took place. While singing spirit lights were seen to float around the room, and over the heads of those present, sometimes in groups of two, three or more, hands would appear from which a luminous vapor arose illuminating the entire circle, spirit hands of adults, and infants were felt by all present, a small music box (mentioned before) was wound up by spirit friends and carried around over the heads of those present; the tin horn was also carried around and spoken through by unseen friends; the perfume of flowers became very strong and presently some lady present felt a soft substance pushed under her hand, which afterwards proved to be a lovely carnation pink. The spirit of the grandfather of a lady present who had been in spirit life many years came and conversed with her in German, in very audible whispers. Many names of spirit friends were written in luminous letters on the table, which were recognized by their friends. The light being lit we had a light seance during which messages were written to friends present in hieroglyphics (through the medium) and were read when the medium had come out of his trance; there were impromptu poems, and songs upon subjects given, also that grand phase independent slate writing in full gas light. There was also a couple of flowers materialized between closed slates in full light. But I am trespassing upon you, and will not elucidate further; descriptions of these things are poor reading—*seeing is believing.*

Yours respectfully, and for truth.

MILTON LYLE.

3006 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Nothing is more precious than Time, and those who mis-spend it are the greatest of all prodigals.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Polarity of Friendship.

BY J. V. BENEFICIO.

"Let these, my friends, go their way."—JESUS.

Friendship implies both attraction and repulsion. The repulsion should be equal to the attraction, the difference being that the repulsion should be physical, while the attraction is spiritual. The sun is very attractive to other suns, but he also repels them with equal energy. Re-action equals action. The re-action is physical because it is the centrifugal, or rebound movement. The action is spiritual because it is the central or centripetal force which maintains its larger orbit.

On this principle, if I am worthy of a friend, I can readily determine who he shall be. He is the man or woman who will as instinctively repel me when I am wrong, as attract me when I am right. Let my friend prove the right to the friendship of my highest spiritual affections by his or her ability to reject all others. If the sun would bathe the forest with his warm magnetism and bring the blood into the veins of plant or animal, let him also scorch the stubble, and melt the iceberg.

This law of friendship lies deep at the primal roots of social happiness. The causes of social disorder may be traced to the uneven relationships of these attractive and repellant forces of the Soul. The world of mankind forms into families and societies, and these are the outward bonds of an ostensibly inward, or friendly harmony. But the very nearness of the relations thus formed, often but distances the true spiritual union. Families and nations are too centrifugal—too far away from the spiritual Sun, in whose magnetic presence all nations and kindreds are transmuted into one nation and one kindred. Not enlarging their centers so as to embrace the race as one family, the most civilized peoples are yet equally incapable of true friendship.

For the true friend is such from within and from without. Like nature, he has a soul with its open fields, and also its shades. He not only presents a generous front, like the clothed prairie, but he has also unlimited back-grounds, distancing off, like nature, forever and ever into space. Hence it is, that in presence of the truly great man you feel yourself protected—not from evil, but by a new sense of power in whose radius evil cannot live. You know his friendship is strong, though he say not a word of friendly import. His children know his fidelity as they look into his revered face; so the whole world call him great, when they feel his powerful attraction penetrate the nerves of their admiration, at the naming of his deeds.

It is certain and cannot be otherwise, that the best friendship exists only between minds of these opposite inward and outward tendencies; such as, like nature, live deeply within and remotely without of doors, and in their ample range of soil nourish both the common daisy and the century plant of wisdom.

If a man is offended at any brother-man, living or departed, more than the husbandman is offended at the ill-shaped limb on his favorite tree, and clips it off because of his favor, that man is just in the same degree incapable of my friendship. No soul of divine nobility can ever be offended otherwise than in love, with any human being. Wrong deeds will surely meet with unreserved censure from him who is called to the heights of moral manhood; but the censurer will be the Savior.

The soul of my friend is endowed with an effectual power—an intensity kindred to the sun, burning gloriously as a flame of consuming, yet purifying fire, fed by a remote and inexhaustible sea of light, and love, and attraction. He is a nobleman, a great brother, strong and gentle; never asking me to think more highly of him than he can think of himself, or than I can think of my servant or the chief of sinners. His soul is impartial, ever seeking a level with the parental ocean, the fount of all streams of being, great and small, which swell the bosom of the Infinite Father and Mother Love.

My friend communes with the generous light of the universe; to all things he is a relative; he has long since "unlearned contempt" or irreverence toward anything anywhere beneath the canopy of heaven; he knows no *un*hallowed ground in the universe, whose every inch of soil is but the consecrated dust of mighty æons of humanitary evolution, outside of whose temple there is *no space* for the misstep of a single soul, in the march of the atoms of matter or the genesis of mind.

With this geological chart and his compass of thought, my friend teaches me the millennial love of the millennial era, when men will not be as strangers, who, though meeting from the different parts of the same country (the universe) contend that each respective province is the whole—one saying it is mountainous, another that it is flat, while yet another, even more infidel, affirming that he has seen nothing but barren lands or desert wastes, with no green thing to delight the eye, no cooling fount or well of Samaria, where the wearied saint or sinner may quench his thirst and feel the fount of gratitude well up in his own heart responsive to the Infinite Giver.

The man or woman whose friendship is valuable is positive, and endowed with a master's and a teacher's reason. The opposite, negative character, may be very obeisant to my wishes, but he can not aid me in the day that tries men's souls. He is liable to be drawn toward me with too disproportionate a power, and so become a planet rather than a sun. He is thus shorn of his real divinity, has lost, or not reached, his own central attraction, so that I can not look on him with reverence, but only with tenderness and sympathy. The earnest man, the martyr, the apostle, the Savior, is the reverse of this, for he yields to nought but the highest attraction.

Few, very few, rare spirits are they who can see any force of reason or love in this repulsion of narrower interests for the sake of higher attractions, sublimer environments. Yet such is the stern necessity to the Christs of all ages—the pioneer socialists and mediators of the Divine Afflatus, who are called to leave "father and mother," and "friends," (who know not what "father and mother" or "friend" means), that they may call mankind their "mother and their brethren." For this adherence of the soul to its highest intuitions of goodness, implies not the least wrong to, or abatement of, its lower affinities, or of whatever of truth there may be in the commonest or narrowest friendships. On the contrary, such adherence implies a depth of love, a weight of reverence, which no common friendship can appreciate. No superficial or limited love can endure the baptism with which *it* would be baptised.

The man of great friendship is called to be independent of his friends for his enemies' sake; or to say to them (his enemies) in the garden of trial: "If ye seek *me*, then let these, *my friends*, go their way." For how can either friend or foe go *his* way? He must obey his higher attractions because his soul is endowed with a moral purpose and a force of resolution, whose currents of life swell his heart with interior and lowly ripples which no weak Peter or friendly John can hear or understand.

The Value of Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I never yet have had an illustration of the true value of Spiritualism better exemplified than in the death of our late Brother J. H. Anderson. Little over a year ago, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were called upon to part with their beautiful daughter, Miss Mary, an account of which was given in an obituary notice in your most valuable paper. On that occasion Mrs. Anderson, while standing at the head of the casket that contained the mortal remains of her lovely daughter, addressed the friends and strangers that came to pay the last sad duties that those in the earth life can pay to the departed, in the most charming words that seldom drop from the lips of mortals, and portrayed to them the beauties of our philosophy, asking them if any other doctrine or belief could so sustain a mother on an occasion like this. Mary died in California whither they had gone for her declining health. On their return to Portland, Mrs. Anderson's health was very delicate and Mr. Anderson almost dispaired of her recovery; but she rallied and some three months ago they had a son born to them, a lovely, beautiful child, and life began to again spread her net work of attractions. They were both in the bloom of health and worldly prosperity when lo! death came and took the head of the family. Mr. Anderson fell a victim to the *grippe* and pneumonia; a few days of illness took him to the other shore to meet his lovely daughter and translated brother (a notice of this brother's death was also published in the GOLDEN GATE); but left the mother and sweet babe to battle with life's stern realities. In attending the funeral yesterday I found Mrs. Anderson arranging a beautiful bouquet for the casket or for something else. She was cheerful as usual when I remarked to her, "You are standing up bravely under this terrible blow." She replied, "And why should I not, if our knowledge of the other life does not sustain us in a time like this, it would be of no value. I know he has only gone up higher." Other friends then came in and interrupted our conversation. But I realized as never before the true value of spiritual philosophy, "whose influence even over death can shed and triumph over the heart."

Brother and Sister Anderson were both of that genuine type of Spiritualists without adulteration, or fine spun theories. They believed and knew that we survive the change called death, and that those who go before, can, and do return and make themselves known to us.

Brother Anderson as a man had few equals. True, frank, honest, sincere and above all charitable. His sudden death produced a shock to me that I shall not soon forget. I had been in the habit of meeting him almost daily at his desk at the postoffice on matters of business. I had not heard of his illness; I stepped into his office, but observed a stranger was at his desk; I made known my business; the party hesitated; I said Mr. Anderson will sanction this as he has frequently done so; the party replied, "Do you not know that Mr. Anderson is *dead*." I felt so shocked that I could scarcely stand on my feet. I asked when he died, and was told last night. I came back to my offices, at down alone and thought how uncertain is the tenure of human life, and can it be that you my brother have passed over to the other life and shall we never more meet in the friendly social relations as heretofore. I felt truly thankful that our friendship had always been so kind and mutual. May we all strive to so live with our fellow beings that these sudden partings will give us no cause to regret our actions.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 17, 1890.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Splints.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

A sense of duty well done is recompense in its highest, happiest sense, both here and hereafter.

True usefulness, consists in first helping yourself to a condition of ability to safely and continuously assist others.

Misfortune and suffering of any kind, if rightly heeded, not only suggests, but affords sympathy for others similarly afflicted.

There are but few burdens to be borne or obstacles to be removed from the progressive pathway that will not yield in degree, to the influence of patience and cheer brought to bear upon them.

The rough road to the goal, when intelligently pursued, is oftenest the most direct, and yields the most glorious wealth.

"One world at a time!" So say we; but, shall we not accept all the light, the peace, and the encouragement reflected from those heavenly spheres, that is designed to better fit us for successful living in this?

Live this life well? Live it for a purpose! And whatever be your earthly lot, or your earthly ambition, let the desire and effort to ameliorate the ills and oppressions of the needy without regard to the cause of their misfortune, prove the crowning glory of your existence! You can erect no more enduring monument to your memory on earth, nor by other means secure a more triumphant welcome to the abodes of the blest!

Oh, Immortality! How vast thy domain! How infinite thy possibilities! How inflexible thy demands, and how supreme are thy rewards! In this preparatory sphere, what careful and bountiful provision for the development of every virtue of soul! Its primitive lessons bear so directly upon the ultimate realities of eternity! Let *wisdom* be our ambition that its highest intended good may be attained, and the glory of the All Father, shine out in brighter radiance upon His children!

Typographical Mistakes.

Methodist Recorder.

The New York *Herald* once made the astonishing announcement that "a long line of scorpions' feathers filed in church," instead of of "surpliced fathers." A reporter on that paper once quoted a verse from the hymn, "Hark, the herald angels sing;" and somehow the word "herald" got into the paper "*Herald*," making it appear that James Gordon Bennett was the owner of the angels referred to.

"A solemn Circus in Church," was the astonishing caption put by the Buffalo *Express* over a despatch from Indianapolis giving a report of the services in the church of which President Harrison was a member, just before he left for Washington, when it should have been "a solemn service."

Horace Greeley's illegible manuscript was productive of many errors, which were generally "caught" in "proof;" but on one occasion, when he wrote, "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," it appeared in the *Tribune*, "'Tis five, 'tis fifty, yes, 'tis fifty-two." On another occasion when he had written an able editorial on the relations of Spain and the United States, the article appeared with many strange references to the "Spanish goat." Mr. Greeley had written "Spanish 'govt.'"

A dramatic oracle surprised the Boston public by announcing that "the toast for Irving, like the toast for olives, must be cut elevated." Read "taste" for "toast," in both places, and "cultivated" for "cut elevated," and you will have it as the critic wished it to appear.

A New England paper did not mean that "a drove of hogs" floated down the Connecticut River, although it said so; it was "drive of logs,"

"Was St. Paul a dupe?" asked the Rev. Joseph Cook in a lecture; but a Boston paper put the question in this startling manner: "Was St. Paul a dude?"

A Pittsburg compositor transmogrified the familiar "no cross, no crown," into the not less truthful "no cows, no cream."

An Indiana paper says: "For 'burglar meeting' in an article in our last issue, relating to the proceedings of the town council, read 'regular meeting."

Sin has many tools, but a lie is a handle that fits them all.—*O. W. Holmes.*

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913½ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN'S MEETINGS FOR FREE interchange of Spiritual and Progressive ideas, are held every Sunday at 11 A. M., at 909 Market street, St. George's Hall. Also in Oakland at 2 P. M., and 7.30 P. M., in Grand Army Hall, 13th street, near Broadway. All are invited.

COLLEGE HALL, 106 McALLISTER STREET, W. J. Colville, Lecturer. Public meetings every Sunday, at 10 45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. All seats free. Collection. Public teachings in Spiritual Science every Wednesday and Friday at 8 P. M. Admission 10 cents.

THEOSOPHY.—OPEN MEETINGS OF THE AURORA Lodge of the T. S., for inquirers, are held in Oakland every Sunday at 7.30 P. M., in the Jewish Synagogue, Corner Clay and 13th Streets. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM meets every Sunday at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

MASONIC HALL, PARK STREET, CORNER Santa Clara Avenue. W. J. Colville lectures on Theosophy every Tuesday, at 7:45 P. M. Classes in Spiritual Science, Thursday, 2:45 P. M.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

COUNCIL G. G. OF THE T. S.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OAKLAND SYNAGOGUE, THIRTEENTH AND Clay streets. W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday at 3 P. M. Class instruction every Tuesday, at 2:45 P. M., and Thursday, at 7 45 P. M.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M. and 7:45 P. M., at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited; Admission 10 cents. The Free Library connected with the above, is open every Sunday at 1 P. M.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Saidie, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens through the mediumship of Mrs. E. S. Fox, Scribe for the Order of Light.]

To One and All, Greeting:—Saidie has come from courts celestial to bless this world so long known to the angels by the name "Sorrowful Star." All that is true, holy and sacred, has waited in the Father's realms to find a lodgment in the brain of earth's unfolding children. Saidie comes in the full knowledge of all the past has been and has given to man, and in her hands she holds the wisdom that is able to redeem the world and its people. She claims not that she alone is able to impart instruction concerning the higher truths that humanity so much need. She looks back o'er the past with a pitying eye, seeing how the teachings given as most sacred, have caused upheaval and bloodshed. Yet, children, all must have been as it has been with the world, born as it was in condition of inharmony. Its children must partake its nature and be subject to its laws. Saidie has heard the voice from many murmuring hearts, that have uttered their protest against her teachings, feeling as if a usurper claimed the throne where Reason alone may sit.

Children, within your own hearts you know that Saidie but claims her rightful place. See where the darkness of midnight has shrouded the mind and heart of people in the ages of the past; how superstition has chained thought and feeling with its cruel links of purpose; and then note how here and there, all along the way, many lesser lights have arisen, each one having as a prime moving motive, the desire to help mankind see that he has a sacred right to deviate from the old lines of thought, and think for himself. For this was the one mission that filled the hearts of incarnating ones, as they yielded to inevitable law, and fell asleep in the land that would support their forms no longer, to waken in the world that had power to attract hither their trembling spirits. One after another, as long as this earth has sustained the power to produce the form of man, have loftier souls incarnated in the flesh than the children of earth proper. These have left a name and record upon the annals of time. True, it is in the falling asleep and in the wakening to a new life, memory has not held its own treasures. But these were fadeless treasures; they lived in the land from whence man incarnates in the physical, and on his return it was easy to gather up all the threads of life lain down, that he might obey the unyielding law. The spirit, no matter how great its knowledge, or how high its unfoldment, must die, as far as spirit can yield to the power of the inevitable, and take upon itself the garments that materiality weaves, must enter upon a new life upon another world, must look through baby eyes upon the world of matter, must grow with the growth of the form, unfold and expand with the expansion of heart and brain, thus making itself receptive to a clearer light and diviner knowledge than it possessed in the home of peace and happiness left in the spheres. The spirit goes back more rich in knowledge, capable of greater happiness as it has lived wisely and well in its descent into matter. The law of this planet has no right to usurp the throne of the Eternal; has no right to bind and oppress the ever-living spirit that alone has power to illumine and redeem the world. The Law of God, the Father, will not permit the usurper to overstep the bounds where Right and Justice stand with their swords unsheathed. The voice of the Infinite has spoken, and His children shall hear: "Lay aside your creeds and listen to the voice of Reason. Listen to the voices of nature, and obey the promptings of the All-Wise. Cease doing evil and learn to do well. Then will oppression and tyranny flee away, and Truth, Right, and Justice reign. Then each child will own a home while he must dwell with mortals, and poverty, with its dismal train, be forever gone, while Peace will reign in every heart and home."

Children of the Order, does not every heart respond a hearty Amen to the demand? Saidie bids all teachings good speed, in so far as they set in motion a train of thought that tends toward the liberation of mankind; the emancipation of thought that will place all humanity upon a higher plane of living. That this is man's greatest need, your records of today plainly tell. The lesser lights that have shone during the ages were first lighted in the Father-land, but the hands that bore them to earth were molded of clay. The brains through which the spirit must act were formed of earthly material, and so the thoughts given out were dimmed, their brightness was obscured by the conditions in which they must be born. Consequently, the ideas and principles, although these contained a germ of truth, yet their outgrowth came to be largely permeated with the thought of mortal man.

Thus has it ever been with communications from the world of spirits. Each one knows well, these have been, and still are, varied and contradictory in their nature. Neither the spirit, nor the brain through which such messages are given, are entirely masterful. A heaven of peace, a place of rest when the conflict of life is o'er, too often lures the spirit from its search for greater truth and desire for higher attainments. Spirits and mortals need to know there is a higher life to win and far transcending wisdom to gain. Then, through love of attainment to go on, willing, if necessary, to sacrifice present ease to the attainment of greater ends. Saidie willingly leaves the beckoning glory of the fields of light lying before her, to help this world over the billowy seas of the present, for she sees beyond all this turmoil and unrest, the clear crystal sea of Omniscient Love and the Harbor of Abiding Peace.

No, dear children of earth, neither Saidie nor the band of shining immortals, who love your world better than you know, are usurpers of any power. We are the messengers of the Infinite, working as He has bidden in the field He portioned to us, in the far away of which you have no knowledge.

Saidie sends her love and blessing to each true and faithful one.

Peace be with you. SAIDIE.

J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., March 2, 1890.

Psychical Research.

A fair case for investigation by the Society for Psychical Research is presented in a little book recently published in England, which professes to give the true story of the discovery of the fate of the great Arctic explorer Sir John Franklin. The author of the book is Rev. J. Henry Skewes, vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Liverpool. According to this writer, Sir John Franklin's fate was the subject of a special revelation.

Readers of Arctic history are well aware that the British Government sent many search expeditions to find traces of Franklin, but without avail. According to Rev. Mr. Skewes, a child of four years, the daughter of a Captain Coppin, of Londonderry, died in May, 1849, and for many months afterward reappeared in the spirit form to various members of her family. The Franklin mystery was being discussed everywhere at this time, and a seven-year old sister of the dead child, at the suggestion of her aunt, questioned the apparition on the subject.

Thereupon, says the little book, "there appeared upon the floor a complete Arctic sea, showing two ships surrounded with ice and almost covered with snow, including a channel that led to the ships." This scene or chart, was copied and, in answer to further questions, there appeared upon the opposite wall in large, round letters the following: "Erebus and Terror, Sir John Franklin, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, Point Victory, Victoria Channel."

Captain Coppin is said to have forwarded this very definite message from the unseen world to Lady Franklin, who was so impressed with it that she insisted that Captain McClintock, who sailed on the final search expedition in 1857, should follow the exact route thus laid down. This was done, and the result was the discovery of the cairn at Point Victory, in which a thin tin cylinder was concealed, giving the only written report that was ever found respecting the loss of the Erebus and Terror and the death of Sir John Franklin.

McClintock returned to England and was loaded with rewards and honors for having cleared up the mystery, but his success, according to the Rev. Mr. Skewes, was entirely due to the fidelity with which he stuck to the route laid down by the Londonderry apparition. Captain Coppin's children are still living, and Mr. Skewes says that, though it happened forty years ago, the story can be verified in every particular.

The Psychical Society should lose no time in holding its inquest on this remarkable narrative.

East Portland Spiritual and Literary Society.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

This Society holds meetings every Sunday at three o'clock at Grand Army Hall, corner Fourth and N streets, Miss Addie P. Swain President. These meetings are very interesting, as they are conducted on the "broad gauge system," having for its motto, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." For several Sundays the question under consideration has been, "What evidence have we of immortal life?" As the Materialist and disbelievers in Spiritualism have been invited to the platform to advance their views on this great question much food for thought has been presented, and some little sparring has taken place; but on the whole, advocates of Spiritualism have been equal to every emergency and have come off victorious. Still, I somewhat doubt the policy of this mode of procedure, for disputants are very apt to enter into the discussion for victory rather than to arrive at the truth; and sometimes when you have convinced a man against his will, he remains of the same opinion still.

The attendance has been very good, and I have no doubt some good seed has been sown that will bear fruit in after years. Let us hope so, at least.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OR., March 14, 1890.

If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.—*Ruskin.*

A Remarkable Manifestation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have something to relate that may interest readers of the GOLDEN GATE, and will astonish some who attribute all spirit manifestations to "fraud."

About twelve years ago, a lady, who is now a member of our family, was living in San Francisco, and on terms of friendly intercourse with the late Assistant Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, James Riley.

It seems that he had some very excellent photographs taken of himself, which he distributed among his friends, giving one to the lady in question. After he had thus disposed of them, others of his friends wanted some, and there was no other way to do but to have more taken. He met the lady one day, and asked her for hers, from which he proposed to have some copied; promising to return it as soon as the work was done. Instead of returning the original picture, he kept it and gave the lady one of the copies. She often met him afterwards, and as often asked him for the one he borrowed of her, he promising to return it the first time he could think of it.

One time they met on the street and she said: "Jim, when are going to return that picture?" He laughed and said: "Well, now the very next time I see you." "Yes," she replied, "after you and I are dead." That was the last time they ever met.

I have heard the lady tell it many times, and always with a wish that she could get the picture.

She was considerably shocked when she read of his death in a San Francisco paper, and made the remark that she meant to write to some friend in that city and see if the picture could not be sent to her.

The lady is a most remarkable medium, if she would only let the spirits do as they desire; but she has a very strong will of her own, and if they wish to communicate they have to use stratagem.

For a number of days she had complained of the room seeming to be full of spirits, and that there was one that seemed to talk to her but she could not understand what it said.

On the night of the 20th of February, after she and her husband had retired, and she had partly fallen asleep, she says she felt a soft, cool hand carressing her head. She thought at first it was her husband's hand, but he being quite ill at the time, was sitting up in bed and saw something lying close to his wife's face on the pillow. On examination, it proved *to be the identical picture that she had been wishing so long to have.* She knows it is the same picture Chief Riley borrowed, and that it was in his possession when she saw him last.

Now the question arises, Where did the picture come from and who placed it on her pillow? Spiritualists will readily understand that it came from San Francisco that night and was placed by spirit hands on her pillow; but there are many people who will pronounce the story false, yet it is true all the same. M. WHITFORD.

SANTA MARIA, March 5, 1860.

IN discussing the confession of faith before the New York Presbytery, Dr. Van Dyke said:

"I know not what others may do, but, as for me, I intend to keep on disbelieving, ignoring and denying the doctrine of reprobation. I intend to teach that there are no infants in hell, no limits to God's love; that there is salvation open to all mankind, and that no man is punished but for his own sin. Is that Calvanism? Before God, I don't know or care! It is Christianity!"

GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company." at

Flood Building, Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

TRUSTEES:

AMOS ADAMS, President; I. C. STEELE, Vice-President; W. H. YEAW, Treasurer; E. W. STEELE, and J. J. OWEN, Trustees.

J. J. OWEN, - - - Editor and Manager.
Mrs. Mattie P. Owen, - Secretary and Assistant

Terms:—$2.50 per annum, payable in advance; $1.25 or six months. Clubs of five (mailed to separate addresses, $10, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

☞ All letters should be addressed: "Golden Gate Flood Building, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1890.

AGENTS.

W. C. R. Smith,..................Collector and Agent.
Mrs. Minerva M. Thornburg ....Santa Maria, Cal.
Mrs. S. Cowell......................East Oakland, Cal.
Lewis Kirtland,.............31 N. Fort st., Los Angeles.
Titus Merritt,..............323 W. 34th st., New York.
Samuel D. Green,..367 Nostrand ave., Brooklyn, N. Y
G. D. Henck,..............1624 Curtis st., Denver, Col.
Maurits S. Liden,.................Milwaukie, Oregon.
Charles McDonald.....55 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.
Emily R. Ruggles,........347 Dean st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dr. M. E. Conger,..........................Chicago, Ill.
Gustie F. Howe,.............................Onset, Mass.
Lavinia Knowles-Douglas..297 Madison st., Memphis. Tenn.
Geo. Campbell,................................Nanaimo, B. C.
Miss H. M. Young,.. General Agent for Golden Gate and W. J. Colville's books.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the Golden Gate to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be made by postal notes or postage stamps. J. J. Owen, Manager.

THE EXILED PATRIOT.

The New York *Herald* contains a most interesting interview with the aged Kossuth in his Italian retreat at Turin. The conversation shows that the great old man's interest in national affairs is as keen to-day as ever; his opinions as to coming political changes are suggestive of prophecy, but if it is only that the mists of time are clearing away to him, and the yesterdays and to-days are to-morrows in which present things and states do not exist. He says all monarchies are doomed, of which the signs of the times give full evidence to those who read and interpret aright. What he said of Ireland's future should be remembered, as no one before ever spoke so hopefully, although not many doubt her ultimate independence of England. He says: "Ireland is drifting away from England. Every year her people become more closely knit in sympathy with the United States. Modern invention has partly annihilated the distance between the countries, and now it does not take much longer to go to Queenstown than it does to San Francisco. There are men now alive who will see the day when Ireland will become a State of the American Union."

There are some pessimistic minds that foresee a monarchy for the United States. It is true we now have a vast number of alien landholders, claiming millions on millions of acres. But one session of our national legislature could compel every English or other son of them to abandon all but a specified portion, and that to be retained only by actual residence thereon. This, Uncle Sam will do ere long. He is an easy, good natured creature, but not so old as to be blind or dull. As to a monarchy, why, he knows something of it by actual experience, and has not enjoyed his *own* independence long enough to be wanting to experiment with old forms of government on a new soil.

SYMPATHETIC IDIOSYNCRASY.

Two propositions are before the London public, both relating to pensions. One asks for a special pension fund for wornout proof-readers who, when they become blind, or otherwise unable to continue their work, must either starve or become inmates of alms-houses. The other begs for an increase of pensions of veterans of the British army. A case is related of an old sergeant who fought in the Peninsular war, and was at Waterloo, and who has since been rewarded by the enormous sum of nine pence a day, until very recently when it was munificently increased to *two shillings nine pence*, by special and vigorous effort. The old survivors of Balaklava have outgrown public sympathy entirely, and the whereabout of these once famous warriors, or twenty-two of them at least, is known to be in work-houses, or engaged in some menial employments outside; superanuated cripples, less even than objects of charity. It does not take many days for Parliament to decide the portion that a new scion of Royalty is to get out of the English populace; but when it comes to a common soldier or other public servant, the deliberation and final outcome of the matter are suggestive of imminent bankruptcy of John Bull's exchequer. Tennyson should write a new poem on the "The Light Brigade."

—Bro. W. H. Smith, of the Damon Safe and Iron Works Company, Boston, Mass., writes: "What a noble book your 'Spiritual Fragments' "is. It is packed full of the grandest, most ele-"vating and inspiring sentiments that I ever "read. I can not open to a single page that I "do not find something that commends itself to "my better and nobler self. It can not but do "great good. Surely it was a most happy "thought to gather them together in a more per-"manent form than that in which they were "originally published. I wish you a great sale "and a wide circulation."

—Thanks to the author, James G. Clark, the poet singer, for a copy of his charming song and music, "Star of My Soul."

AS MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

Senator Stanford's grand scheme to lift the burdens of the farmers by providing that the Government shall loan money to them at two per cent per annum on not to exceed one-half the valuation of their lands, is, as might have been expected, meeting with the united opposition of the Shylocks of the nation, and their hirelings, the daily press.

Who does not realize that the present fearful interest rates are crushing the life out of the laboring and producing classes, and all for the benefit of the monied, or non-producing class? The farmer who is obliged to borrow money at the current rates of interest simply sells himself to the devil of usury. There is no more rest, or peace of mind, for him on this planet. His hard earnings must henceforth go to swell the coffers of the rich, while he becomes the slave of toil, and his wife and children are eventually turned adrift upon the world penniless, the latter to swell the ranks of the idle and unemployed.

It is one of the pleasing illusions of the American people that they are free, and capable of self-government. Another illusion, and none the less visionary and unreal, is that the ballot expresses the popular voice. The whisky power, to which the money power is a willing slave, controls the political nominations, and the people really have no choice in the matter, because they have not reached that point of spiritual unfoldment where they can rise superior to their appetites and passions. Hence they need to be cared for by the Government, as a wise father would care for his children.

In the animal world below the realm of man, the law of might prevails. It is the law of all undeveloped nature—the "survival of the fittest." That there is a higher law regulating the relationship of man with his fellow man, is only so to a limited extent. In their business dealings with each other there are a few men in the world who would not take advantage of their superior sagacity to get the best of a bargain, but how is it with the greater number?

We are aware of the sophistries of capital, and of its representatives the press, regarding all propositions to cheapen money. But is there any argument against the Government putting itself in a position whereby it could reduce the rate of interest to two per cent or less, that might not be used against the Government reducing the rate of postage from twenty-five cents to two cents?

But such a radical reduction of interest rates, we are told, would drive all the financial middlemen—the note shavers, bankers, etc.,—out of the business. Very likely; and that would be the best thing for the people that could possibly happen; for then the Government would have to handle its own money and deal directly with the people, as it should. A government that leaves its producing and laboring classes, in money matters, at the mercy of the all-engorging financial sharks of the country, is too despicable for the respect of common highwaymen.

Every true friend of humanity should rally to the support of Senator Stanford in this matter, and help to create a public sentiment that shall override the ridicule and sophistry with which the money power and their newspaper hirelings are just now seeking to depopularize the suggestions of the great philanthropist.

INCONSISTENT.

In speaking of "materalizations," the Golden Gate says: "Christian people must believe this, if they believe their Bible, for are there not numerous instances given, in both Testaments, of the re-embodiment of spirits, in forms as tangible as those possessed by mortals? What was the appearance of Jesus to his disciples, after the crucifixion, but a materialization? or the two spirits that appeared to, and supped with, Abraham in his tent? The Christian world accepts these materializations as religious facts, while it rejects similar facts occurring to-day."

The Bible sets forth no such materialization as does Modern Spiritualism. The two "men" which appeared to Abraham were angels, spirits, or spiritual beings, distinct from man and antedating man. The same Jesus who was laid in the grave of Joseph came forth. He could say to the doubting Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless but believing." John xx., 27. There is quite a difference between the Bible account and the literature of Modern Spiritualism. Let them show us the empty grave, the revivified form, the concurring word of God, and then we will believe.—*Signs of the Times.*

Then the "revivified form" and "the concurring word of God" are not enough; you must also have "the empty grave" to induce you to believe. That is, you must have the old wornout body, that is resolving itself back into the elements whence it came, or has gone into thousands of new forms of both vegetable and animal life,—you must have this restored to you. In the light of St. Paul's teaching concerning the "spiritual body," what do you want of the physical remains? What could you do with them if you had them?

You say the two "men" which appeared to Abraham were "angels, spirits, or spiritual beings, *distinct from man and antedating him.*" How do you know? The Bible does not say so. Did not the "angel" that appeared to Saul, and whom he was about to fall down and worship, tell him not to do so, as he was but one "of his brethren the prophets"? What are we to understand from this—that here was a "being distinct from man"? No, no, neighbor, not at all; but that he was simply a materialized spirit—one of the prophets—who had come back to earth on a special mission.

Our Adventists friends deny the existence of the spirit of man separate from and independent of, the physical body, and yet they claim to believe in spirits, or "spiritual beings distinct from man." Why this distinction? Are we not all spirits? How very, very much our friends across the bay miss of the joys of this life in denying spirit communion.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Several excellent communications are carried over till next week.

—That sweet child of song, "Stanley Fitzpatrick," has not forgotten us. We have two gems from her pen on file for early publication.

—*Psyche* is the name of a new monthly magazine just started by George Chainey, in London, England. It is an attractive and brainy publication.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney will hold a public seance at Washington Hall, on Eddy street, to-morrow (Sunday) evening, commencing at 8 o'clock sharp. Admission only 10 cents.

—Bro. I. C. Steel was in town on Wednesday, returning to Pescadero the following day. His many friends will be pained to hear of the continued ill health of his good wife.

—Mrs. L. Carter will deliver a lecture on "Modern Insane Asylums," at Grand Army Hall, Broadway and Thirteenth streets, Oakland, tomorrow, (Sunday) evening. Admission ten cents.

—The friends of the Golden Gate are reminded that the Job Office attached to it is prepared to do printing of all kinds. Drop in and see the style of work done. Satisfaction given in all cases. A share of your patronage solicited.

—Our appreciative readers will enjoy Hon. Amos Adams' splendid letters appearing in the Golden Gate. They contain a fine seasoning of quaint humor, which gives them a delicious relish. Bro. Adams is a born letter writer.

—Dr. Nellie Beighle left yesterday morning, in company with Mrs. Sullivan, for a few days rest and recreation at Summerland. The little Doctor is overworked and needs rest. We trust her trip will afford her the change she needs.

—Harvey D. Mott, the once celebrated materializing medium of Memphis, Mo., passed to spirit life from Kansas City, Mo., on the first of the present month. His wife passed on before him a few years ago from Los Angeles, California.

—Mrs. Mattie P. Krekel, formerly Mrs. Mattie Hulett Parry, will lecture at 421 Post street, Union Square Hall, next Sunday evening, March 30th, at 8 o'clock; Subject, "Natural Morality superior to Theological Morality." Admission, free.

—Dr. Morton's *Psychic Studies*, for April, is before us. Its leading papers are on "Justice," "Charity," "Sympathy," and "The Power and Proper Exercise of Will." In the next and last number of the present volume the editor promises to give some of his personal experiences in the investigation of spiritual phenomena.

—"Life's Shadows," the first poem in the Golden Gate's poetic department for this week, is by a new contributor to the press. The poem is truly meritorious, and shows that the writer possesses the "divine afflatus" to no inconsiderable extent. She should cultivate her beautiful gift. We hope to hear from her again.

—Charles P. Cocks, of 41 Brevoort Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "'Fragments' came "duly to hand, and I find that it affords the spir-"itual food which we all need. I can truly say "that the volume is not only beautifully gotten "up, but abounds with inspired teachings, and "is a credit to the author."

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney will visit San Jose on Sunday, April 6th, and remain two weeks. She will give some public meetings there as opportunity occurs; she will have her parlors in the Stone building opposite the Auzerais House, where investigators of Spiritualism can have an opportunity to consult one of the grandest mediums on the continent.

—Mrs. Lizzie Pardoe, whose fine poetic contributions to the columns of the Golden Gate, about a year ago, most of our readers will remember, has been visiting with friends in this city the past week. Mrs. Pardoe has been at work, during the past few months, on a grander poem than any she has heretofore published—a poem fairly scintillating with divine effulgence. It has lovely silken hair, laughing blue eyes, and is about ten months old!

THE STRUGGLES OF LIFE.

How little do wealthy people, or even people in ordinarily comfortable circumstances in life, know or understand of the hard struggle with the grim spectre of want that many a good woman has to endure. Not but that poor men have a hard time of it, when work is scarce and the times hard; but there is so much that they can do that women can not do, that the hardship is really much greater for the latter. Imagine a woman of culture and refinement, a stranger in a great city, without money and with an invalid husband to care for. Do any of our lady readers, with good homes, know what that means? First, a room must be had where they may stay; but this must be paid for in advance. How can the means be obtained? Perhaps the poor wife has some article of dress or jewelry, some luxury of better days, that she can pledge for a week's rent; and then comes the struggle for bread, and medicines. What days of anxiety! What sleepless vigils! What wearisome seeking for work! While you, dear reader, are well fed and cared for, and sleep at night, in your own comfortable bed. God pity us. We are not half charitable enough. We ought to go to bed hungry, once in a while, and sleep on the hard ground, or walk the streets all night for want of a place to rest, to know something of what real poverty is.

MR. COLVILLE'S WORK

On Sunday last, March 25, W. J. Colville lectured in College Hall, 106 McAllister street, both morning and evening, to large and deeply interested audiences. The morning discourse was on "Closing scenes in the perfect life." Spiritual truths, he said, are so far removed by their very nature from the scene of external controversy, that no one who really enters into anything like a just conception of a spiritual idea can possibly spend time and strength, much less grow contentious over matters of literary history. Historical questions are not spiritual ones, as time and sense are forgotten when truth is realized by the soul.

Jesus as a person either actual or ideal, has commanded the universal love and admiration of enlightened mankind, by reason of his superlative excellence as an embodiment of the highest spirituality. As a type, he stands foremost among the sons of men in consequence of the amazing breadth and variety of this character. In no instance does the evangelist represent him as narrow and one-sided, save where a feeble conception of the original has led translators and expounders to color his teachings with their own less noble views.

As his earthly career approaches its terminating point, Jesus displays some apparent anger or indignation in the Temple, where it is said he overthrew the tables of money changers and other persons who carried on a usurious traffic under cover of assumed righteousness.

Hartmann in his "Life of Jehovah, (Jesus)" attributes what Hartmann falsely believes to be the failure of Jesus to complete his mission on earth to a loss of self-control instanced by this act, whereas a writer or teacher who should expose the true lesson of the incident would show how in a pattern life, courage, power and decision must be combined with meekness and gentleness. At this present moment there are many money changers in temples, who need to be driven out. No solitary man could turn them out through physical intimidation, but there is that in real spiritual energy which can overthrow extortion and monopoly, and through sheer force of inward strength put a stop to crying abuses and show up hypocrisy in its true light. If Jesus had pandered to the prejudices, follies and sins of his neighbors, he might have won an earthly crown, perchance. At all events, he could have saved his body from his crucifiers, but at what a cost of real greatness would physical advantage have been gained.

In Gethsemane Jesus prayed that the cup of bitterness might, if possible, pass from him, but when he realized that not to drink it would be to act contrary to the highest law, he drained it to the dregs and glorified himself in blessing humanity. Vain quibblers, who try to pick flaws in a flawless example, if they would but strive to be as true to their own convictions as was the Christ, would very soon cease to find difficulties in the way of spiritual attainment, and would grow to share with the true Master the crown he wears after having "borne with him the cross."

In the evening, "The Religions of India Compared with Christianity," proved a very fruitful topic. There are several religions in India today of which Brahmanism and Buddhism are the two best known to the Western world. Brahmanism attracts philosophers, Buddhism charms philanthrophists. Both have many excellencies and also serious defects. The system of caste so common in India has deteriorated from a beautiful ancient system of classification of workers into four leading groups which were originally founded something after the following order:

The highest caste was composed of the illumined seers and greatest sages in whose hands the direction of all affairs was wisely placed. The second caste was formed of intelligent people who occupied leading positions of all kinds, but could not serve in the highest capacities. The third caste was formed of what we should call tradespeople and skilled workmen, while the fourth caste was made up of those whose meager attainments prevented them from taking rank in any of the higher grades of society. After awhile a haughty aristocracy grew up and perverted the original design. Buddhism is much older than the prince Gautama, though to that saintly individual the system owes purification and revival.

Buddha was a great reformer whose chief virtue was an excess of tenderness for every living creature. Nirvana, to which he attained in his closing days on earth, signifies that state of blessed peace where nothing troubles the beautiful spirit. Any endeavor to force oriental language and customs upon Europe and America would surely prove futile; but the present theosophical movement in its distinctly Aryan aspects is doing much to destroy rare prejudice and bring the Anglo-Saxon people to acknowledge the Hindu race as truly human. The English occupancy of India has many sad features, the saddest of all being the contempt with which the Hindus, as a class, are treated. A better understanding of these people and their religion will lead to a much better state of affairs in the East. Missionaries have practically failed in a field where Theosophists are working very successfully.

The Asiatic religions have nothing which Christianity has not, but Christians will be greatly benefited by knowing more of other faiths and appropriating the good in all.

At 3 P. M., W. J. Colville lectured in Oakland Synagogue to a very fine audience on "The Practical Value of the Occult." The lecture was interesting and thoughtful and pointed out how great is the influence of the hidden in all the affairs of life. As precious metals are deeply concealed in earth, so are the springs of human action and power invariably concealed from outward view. As precious metals and gems are discovered only after long toil and diligent research, so all that is really worth discovering in the universe or man, must be found after patient toil and diligent research. When the present fever of the race subsides, as soon it must, the real spiritual element in man will assert itself above the intellectual and then the intellect will fully control the passions. Man is practically less than man until his inner nature stands revealed, and revealed it never will or can be till the spiritual kingdom is sought, and found, as the reward of dilligent endeavor.

On Tuesday, March 25th, W. J. Colville finished his Tuesday afternoon class instruction in Oakland, and the same evening addressed a large audience in Alameda on the vital questions of the hour. His address at the Nationalist meeting, on Saturday, March 27th, was received with great enthusiasm. On that occasion the club carried out an excellent program, to the edification and delight of a large and representative audience. Hon. V. Cator was the other speaker of the evening, and his address was a very vigorous and lucid effort. Mr. R. H. Whiting rendered a charming solo on the cornet, ably accompanied by Miss Kate Lange (the lady whose sweet voice charms all listeners at the College and Synagogue whenever she raises it), and some very young people favored the audience with a delightful performance on violins. Alameda is fully awake to the advanced movements of the period.

W. J. Colville's class in San Jose met again at the residence of Mrs. Lawrence, 74 N. Seventh street, March 24th, at 2 and 7:30 P. M. The parlors were filled with earnest inquirers.

N. B.—In consequence of W. J. Colville's trip to Summerland and Santa Barbara, he will continue absent from San Francisco till Sunday, April 13th, when he will resume his Sunday work in this city and Oakland. He will resume his class in San Jose, April 14th, at 2 and 7:30 P. M. All letters, etc., should now be addressed to Summerland, care H. L. Williams.

Appreciative Endorsements of "Spiritual Fragments."

"Spiritual Fragments," By J. J. Owen, editor of the Golden Gate, California, U. S. A. This welcome contribution to our spiritual literature consists of a volume of 260 pages full of fine aphorisms, sentences breathing the very spirit of pure morality and high religious aspiration. It is precisely such a work as would afford appropriate readings for our Sunday services and lyceum scholars. Those who have been in the habit of reading these noble ethics as they have appeared in each issue of the Golden Gate, will rejoice to find them gathered up in the form of a handsome and attractive volume.—*Emma Hardinge Britten, in "The Two Worlds."*

Spiritual Fragments.—We are glad to see Mr. Owen's portrait in the beginning of his handsome book, well-filled with wise and apposite paragraphs, such as an editor dashes off as the ideas seize him. They deal with some 750 distinct subjects. The teaching is on the whole sound, and uttered with great literary grace and lucidity. The portrait indicates a fine spontaneous personal influence. The intellect is comprehensive and far-reaching, taking in the essence of a thought or act; and language being very full, with a literary type of "frontal," the true state of the case is readly uttered, as if by reflex action. The brain is well sustained by a good circulation, and the supply of persistent energy is inexhaustible. The "parietal" being relatively subordinate, Mr. Owen can work well in harness. It gives him more pleasure to serve usefully than to lead vainly. Modesty without subserviency is a great virtue.—*Medium and Daybreak.*

—*The Religio-Philosophical Journal* thus kindly spsaks of our "Spiritual Fragments": "Mr Owen is an old journalist and editor of the Golden Gate. For twenty four years previously he edited the San Jose *Mercury*, and these Fragments have appeared editorially in the Golden Gate. They will be found interesting and instructive reading. The book is embellished with a fine life-like portrait of Mr. Owen."

J. J. Owen—In receiving Spiritual Fragments at the suggestion of your good soul, I feel that I am blest with a true spiritual friend that I keep readily at hand to cheer me in times of despond. It certainly embodies the true precepts to a correct and therefore heavenly life.

> Sweeter fragments ne'er were gathered,
> Ne'er were placed before the world;
> And we speak for them a mission
> Equal to the truth of old.

With many thanks. Sarah A. Ramsdell.

MISTAKEN HUMANITY.

Is it kind or humane to prolong life in useless suffering? We think not. We do not believe it serves the soul any good to stay its flight from a pain-tortured body, when death is the inevitable result. Yet, this is being done every day, and we call it humanity.

In the disastrous fire at Indianapolis on the 17th inst., one horror of the many that occurred, struck us as positively cruel. A man's feet were caught by a burning iron girder, torturing him beyond all words to express, yet this misery was being prolonged by the administration of stimulants to keep him alive! What could be more unmerciful? It is equal to the torments inflicted upon the victims of the Inquisition, and yet it is called our highest and greatest humanity.

The one kind and loving thing to do in this and and all cases of incurable suffering, is to administer some anaesthetic that shall give peace to the agonized body. The idea of prolonging physical suffering is *based* on the cruel belief that it is inflicted by a wrathful God for some sin, and therefore must be endured to the bitter end.

If one will just reflect a moment upon the *causes* of suffering, he will generally find it due to *man*-created causes, as in the case of the incident cited, and would not find it difficult to exonerate the Divine Being from all evil intentions.

—Judge John A. Collins, President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, is lying dangerously ill at his rooms on Kearney street, and is not expected to recover. It is apparent to his many friends that a long and useful life, a grand worker for the Cause of Spiritualism, is drawing to a close.

—"Re-incarnation—Why, How and When," Dr. Jerome A. Anderson will deliver a lecture upon the above at College Hall, 106 McAllister street, Sunday, March 30th, at 10:45 A. M. All are invited.

—A grand Anniversary Ball will be given in Library Hall, Summerland, on Monday, March 31st. Music will be furnished by the Summerland band.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Circle of Harmony met as usual at 11 A. M., in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, last Sunday. The following named speakers and mediums participated: Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Higgins, Mr. Hodge, Dr. Temple, Mr. Mullen, Mrs. Clark. Dr. Mansfield was present, but gave his time by calling on Mr. Heap, President of San Bernardino Spiritual Society, instead of speaking himself. The phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism was ably discussed and demonstrated by grand tests. Mesdames Cook and Rutter made very appropriate music and Mr. Mullen sang soulfully wlth piano accompaniment, "Shall you, shall I?"

The President announced that the forty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism would be celebrated next Sunday at 11 o'clock. Flowers would be very acceptable to adorn the hall, but the feast would be wholly spiritual.

OAKLAND.

Shattuck Hall, corner of Eighth and Broadway streets, had a large attendance at 2 P. M. last Sunday. Mr. Hyde and Mrs. Logan opened the meeting. Dr. Mansfield of San Francisco, related a very interesting experience. Mrs. Mayer was controlled by Scotch Lassie to give many words of cheer. Mrs. Dowes, who is rapidly developing as a trance speaker, convinces the most skeptical that she has learned of the angels.

The hall was full at 7:30. Mrs. R. A. Loomis undertook to give a lecture herself, being a lady of much experience and information. Her guides let her ramble on until she saw the need of their assistance to help her out, when her eyes were raised to heaven, and as quick as thought inspirations flowed free and full to the edification of the audience.

Dr. Mansfield occupied a few minutes with another interesting experience, when Mrs. C. J. Meyers was called for and gave several tests, as did also Professor J. P. Ewens, even to the description of scars that some had on their limbs, acknowledged to be correct even by the skeptical. His time is all occupied, besides this public work in giving private sittings and portrait paintings. He is stopping at 1107 Twenty-third street, East Oakland. Mr. Pattison gave a fine speech and much encouragement. One of his controls is an Indian, and he said, pale squaw will need a larger wigwam in which to hold the meetings.

The President announced that they would celebrate the forty-second anniversary next Sunday at 2:30; that if they would all bring a lunch she would furnish coffee, and hold the meeting until 9:30 in the evening.

REPORTER.

Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Sunday last was the nearest to a perfect day we have had the good fortune to experience since last October. Everybody and their friends visited the foot-hills and fields in search after California's favorite wild flower—the poppy—which are beginning to bloom in an abundance. The rostrum at California Hall, Clay and Eleventh streets, showed the fruits of some of the labors of the day being bedecked with flowers. The services opened with a solo, "Lullaby," by Miss Mabel Nickless, Mrs. Minnie Hill, accompaniest. Mrs. Nickless' guides, after a very impressive invocation, answered the following questions presented by the audience: "How do you satisfy or regulate the prejudices against race and color which many entertain on entering spirit life?" "Was not the advent of Spiritualism the dawn of the time when there shall be universal brotherhood for all humanity?" "While you are using the medium's organization, where is her spirit?" "What credence, if any, should be placed in the prophecy that Oakland and San Francisco are doomed cities in the near future?" "Does our anxiety have any influence over our communications,—do they retard communications?" "Can the controls tell us of the planets?" Many messages were given to anxious ones, and very thankfully received. Meeting every Sunday evening at same place.

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES.

On Sunday evening next, appropriate anniversary exercises of the Forty-second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, will be held in California Hall. Music, solos, duets, vocal and instrumental, by Miss Minnie Hill, Miss Mabel Nickless, Miss Fannie E. B. Hill, Mr. T. Shepard and Mr. J. B. Hill. Short address and tests by Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, Mrs. L. Higgins, Mrs. M. J. Hendee, and others. A grand feast of good things spiritual is expected, and let all come and enjoy them.

R.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The afternoon meeting at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, opened at 2 P. M., Mrs. Lena C. Cook, President. Dr. Harvey M. Thompson opened the meeting, continuing his very interesting remarks, of two week's ago, of his conversion to Spiritualism—the remarkable tests given to him through the mediumship of Mrs. W. H. King, of San Diego, and Mrs. Kate Kahn, at the spiritual camp-meeting, in Oakland, some years ago. A beautiful duet was rendered by Mesdames Rutter and Cook, after which Prof. Seymour gave an account of the remarkable mediumship of his mother in the early days of Spiritualism, and saying that he was initiated in the philosophy from his earliest childhood, and to his mind it is the only teaching that will make the world better. He then gave readings to several persons present. Mrs. Seeley gave a few thoughts under control, and after a song by Mrs. Rutter the meeting adjourned.

In the evening, Prof. Dawbarn gave another of his interesting lectures on "Mediumship." Next Sunday this Society will celebrate the Forty-second Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism—afternoon and evening. All mediums and speakers are especially invited to unite with us and make this one of the old time celebrations. Evergreens and flowers are solicited.

Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It is seeking the greater pleasure of which the human spirit is capable, through the leading of its modeller, Love, that so many assembled with the Lyceum session at 909 1-2 Market street, on last Sunday, as has been the case for some months, that the fullest seating of the group arrangement of chairs was occupied, there being no more seats available. In some of the older groups two pupils were occupying one chair, in more than one case, but no division could be made and new groups established as the space would not permit. The new catalogue enabled the distribution of a larger number of books on Sunday than on any previous occasion within the recent history of the Lyceum, if not, indeed, than on any previous date. The exercises were varied: Little Mabel Ward sang "The Farmer," Leon Willis recited "Sheridan's Ride," and Jennie Pamperin recited "The Gambler." Mr. Wm. M. Rider who has worked with the Lyceum in its past, being among the visitors, upon invitation made a brief but pleasant address. A handsome book was presented to the Lyceum by Mr. Alfred Goff, with a few appropriate words, and another was donated by Mr. John S. Koch. These were received with thanks of the Lyceum. A vote of thanks was extended to the conductor, Mrs. A. M. Ballou, for her kindness in endeavoring to add to the pleasure of the younger members by securing them admission to the panorama. The general question: "Animals and their Habits," found some consideration; for next Sunday it was thought best to inquire: "What is our Lyceum for?" An announcement was made by the treasurer, Mr. C. H. Gillman, that each pupil who disposed of two tickets for the entertainment on Saturday evening would be rewarded, and a nice book would be presented to the one who sold the largest number of tickets, as it was thought that they should be encouraged in their efforts.

At the leaders' meeting the indications were for a pleasant evening's entertainment on next Saturday evening, March 29th, when the Lyceum gives its monthly social in the same building where they have been meeting on Sundays for some time past.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Wednesday evening, March 26th, the usual meeting was held and the hall was quite well filled. Mrs. Rutter opened with a song, followed by Mrs. Rennell who recited a poem written through her hand by her guide, entitled the "Darker Side of Life," which was very fine indeed. Prof. Seymour followed with a fine lecture closing with a physometric reading of the character of one of the audience which was very correct. Mr. Price then came forward and gave a very interesting lecture, lasting ten minutes, closing with a fine poem. After a song, Dr. Robbins, who gave a grand and eloquent inspirational invocation, after which he made a few remarks. Dr. Temple then made a few remarks, and after thnt gave a number of good tests. Dr. Temple gives a great many in the Wednesday night meeting, and is a very popular medium. Mrs. Meyers followed and gave a good many very excellent tests. The meeting closed at 10 o'clock to meet again next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, at 111 Larkin street.

M. H. W.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Who is Blind?

Sometimes we are proclaimed as sadly deluded because we look upon the material world as real; we are dubbed *blind* when we do not confess all bodies to be nothing. Let us have no quarrel with these people; they are on the right road, and will some day be able to explain what they are now trying to understand. It will be a special sign of their ability when they use terms correctly. For example, the term *real* (derived from Latin *res*, a thing,) cannot be properly applied to aught else but objects, *i. e.*, things; and consequently matter is real, nature is real. But I have other thoughts to state, which pertain to two bodies—both real. Every one has two bodies so long as the physical body exists; when that ceases to exist, the psychic or spirit body remains. This fact is capable of mathematical demonstration or proof by *reason*; but into this I will not now go. However, to suggest some other proofs let me ask, "Do you dream?"

Yes.

You visit countries, hear music, speak with friends, recognize sights, and handle objects?

Yes.

But you could not do this without a body in which to receive sensations of sight, sound, and touch. And it certainly was not in your physical body that you received these sensations.

No; that stayed in bed.

But this body that did not stay in bed, and in which you experienced many things, was your spirit or psychic body. But I want to tell you of a funeral that took place the other day. After the unnecessary preliminaries of displaying the corpse, and inviting a last view of the remains, and while the clergyman was preparing to utter his remarks, the friends of the deceased stood around in tears looking upon the dead garment of their brother—they were blind to all, save their own grief. And while they stood thus, before them stood the brother whom they are mourning. And he spoke to them, saying, "Weep not, mother, sister, brother,—that clay you look at is not me. *Look at me!* Why won't you hear me? Is it that you cannot hear and cannot see? Must I wait till you, too, die—for one must die to live, it seems."

Who is blind? The mourners or the mourned for; the living or the dead? Who says there is no matter? Never mind; there is existence now and after. Who says there is no mind? No matter; life is now and after. Yours,

PAX VOBISCUM.

Information Wanted.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

By your permission I should like to ask the question of some one of your numerous correspondents, who have made a study of the Number Twelve and the Signs of the Zodiac, whether they recognize them of mythical application or a geometrical problem upon the ladder of human progress? I ask this question from the fact that my reading seems to accept the former, while reason favors the latter interpretation.

EDGAR LINDSAY.

BELLINGHAM, WASH., March 19, 1890.

Planetary Influences.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In the GOLDEN GATE of February 15th is an article by Ella Wilson Marchant on "Planetary Influences," and I must say that I, like her, hold the matter in abeyance for further testimony; but I lean quite much toward the affirmative. One thing can easily be seen that the different planets are in different states of development and hold relationship to each other like the different members of a family. Our planetary system in comparison to the celestial system is not more than a dooryard compared with the United States. While our sun with all its attendant planets and their satellites may be called a family, the celestial universe may be called a nation; and as each individual person has his place in the make up of the nation so each planet has its place in the make up of the universe. As individuals, we have an influence over one another, and carry with us our peculiar magnetism, and the presence of different persons impresses us very differently. One inspires us with love, another fires us with ambition, while another burdens us with shame, when we feel the superiority of their attainments. And right here let me ask, in case we knew we were to be brought into the presence of one whom we felt conscious of being our superior would we not begin to clean up and create a commotion upon the unclean portions of onr being. And may not that be the reason why when we come under the influence of the superior planets there is such agitation which appears to bring disaster. May it not be the effort to bring the spiritual to the front, and thereby cause apparent disaster to the animal forces of nature. This is only offered in the way of hypothesis, as it is a subject that is not likely to be settled by any system of science; and all we can do is to speculate in our own minds, yet the activity created even by the speculation is likely to lead us on to small fields of truth heretofore undiscovered by us.

THOMAS BUCKMAN.

NEWBERG, Ore., February 24, 1890.

A MAN.

We think all states and conditions of mortals are more or less due to accidents of birth, and therefore should not be judged too positively, either way.

Royalty was, of course, as commonly understood and practiced, a man-created caste, originally; its descendants are but dupes and victims of a false system of life that the growing republicanism of the times is making more and more clear to them. The last twenty-five years have revealed the identity of more than one titled gentleman, who so deeply fell in love with American independence as to forsake his country, name, and title, and plunge, incognito, into some line of manual industry that should make him feel himself a man among men, worthy to enjoy the fruits of Earth through honest labor. Occasionally, one is found bold and courageous enough to do the same at home; instance, the Archduke John of Austria, who has assumed the name o simple Herr Johann Orth, and gone into a commercial life. He has bought a trading steamer, engaged a competent seaman as captain, and will himself assume the duties of second officer.

The generality of royalty feel duly scandalized; but we doubt not there are others ready to follow his example, and thus be independent when the common people shall refuse their subscriptions.

Spirit-Echo Meetings.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Spirit-Echo meeting, at 1165 Mission street, was well attended, and opened, as usual, by Mrs. Miller with prayer, and singing. The story of the betrayal of Christ was the theme taken by the guides, and, with her usual eloquence, Mrs. Miller unfolded to her hearers the instruction to be found in the text. Later in the evening, nearly all present received tests from her guides. Other mediums were controlled by spirits who spoke upon the same subject. The usefulness of these gatherings is acknowledged; and yet there is room.

VIDEX.

Who is She?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

My attention was called this morning to a communication in the GOLDEN GATE, signed G. B. Crane, St Helena; in which some most astonishing tests were given through the medium, Mrs. W, to one Mrs. Brown. The writer of this note is an investigator of Spiritualism, and is anxious to know who is "Mrs. W." that she, and others may be benefited by her wonderful test powers. The name of such a medium should not be hid from sight of the public by her initials only.

March 26, 1890. INVESTIGATOR.

The medium referred to is none other than Mrs. J. J. Whitney.—ED. G. G.

The geuine essence of truth never dies. That it be genuine, a voice from the great deep of Nature, there is the point at Nature's judgment seat. What we call pure or impure is not with her the final question. Not how much chaff is in you, but whether you have any wheat.—*Carlyle.*

Independent Slate-Writing.

[J. J. Morse, in the Banner of Light, thus explains the phenomenon of psychography' or Independent slate-writing:]

The special form of phenomena we are to consider is slate-writing, and this we will endeavor to explain to you. In the first place, it is absolutely necessary that the slates that are used should be as clean as it is possible to get them. Now, by being clean, it is not necessary that they should be new; nor necessary that they should be washed either with pure water, or soap and water. You may buy a new slate, never used by anybody, go to the slate-writing medium, and say: "I want a communication on this slate. It is quite new, it has never been handled." And yet you may not get a communication. Why? Because the person who sold that slate to you may have left a psychological thumb-mark upon it that interferes with its production. But if your slate has been in your keeping, and you are psychologically clean—morally, mentally and spiritually clean—you can infuse, so to speak, your personal cleanliness into that slate (a not very difficult matter) and then take your slate to a reputable slate-writing medium, and we will guarantee that you will be satisfied in every case. Cleanliness means something besides soap-and-water washing, and when spirits speak of cleanliness they refer to mental, moral and spiritual purity, rather than to a washing of face and hands.

Take your slate to the spirits. To them that slate will appear as a surface of light. The character of the light depends upon the character of the persons handling it, and, strange to say, the movements of the particles of that light will vibrate in proportion to the intensity pertaining to the individual. Are you very anxious, nervously anxious,then the undulations of that surface of light will be like the chop-waves of an angry sea, and you will get no writing, because the necessary equilibrium cannot be established. But perhaps it might happen, as it does sometimes, that there may be running through you a faint, fine vein of spirituality, which will be sufficient to soothe the troubled motion and reduce these waves of light to something like smoothness, and then the spirit gives the message. Does it take the piece of pencil and write with it? No; that would be too tedious. But you say you hear the pencil—tiny ticks and tappings. Well, it is possible the spirit is taking the little nib of pencil, magnetizing it, and making it write. "Oh! but the slates are closed and the writing is on the inside." Oh, yes. Your arm hangs dead and limp by your side, but some one comes in and says, "Good morning! how are you?" And you forget about your arm and stretch it forth in greeting. And if it is possible for your soul-force to radiate through the material envelope—as you know it is possible—that as substance is atomized matter combined in the form of molecules, these spirits, knowing the permeability of matter, can write through that matter, just as you write through a fog-cloud, and so by the power of magnetic force place the communication on the inside of the closed slate. This is one way.

Sometimes the communication is written upon what, for convenience sake, we will call a sheet of magnetism. We know how ridiculous this must sound to you, but it is the best term we can use. Perhaps we might call it more correctly a film of matter. The communication is written upon this film of matter, and that film of matter is then introduced through the closed slates, although you might not be able to get the point of your penknife between them. The spirit-intelligence working upon them transfers the writing to the slate and then the film of matter is withdrawn. This is more a chemical and electrical manifestation than the mechanical one we have referred to. These are the two procsses that are generally used. There are others that are being perfected, but these we need not discuss, since these two are the usual ones used.

Now, is this form of mediumship common? No, it is not; because it calls for the presence of certain forms of matter, just the same as a phenomenon of another kind calls for its peculiar forms of matter, and unless this particular form of matter is presented by the individual, it is impossible to obtain the result anticipated. But we think from observation that the phenomenon of slate-writing will ultimately be more frequent than any of the other phases, and when the process becomes perfected it will be a great deal more satisfactory to the majority of investigators than the existing forms of communication, impressions, clairvoyance or entrancement. The communicating spirits will at last perfect the operation, so that they will produce the result as easily as you write a letter, imitate the handwriting and give the signature in *fac simile*, so as to describe the actual identity of the person making the communication.

At present it is in the experimental stage. We are experimenting as well as you are, and when at last you come to a full understanding of the laws, so that you will not be putting your slates in boxes, sitting on them and doing all kinds of peculiar things so that you may not be fooled by anybody; when you sit down to the investigation of all the phenomena in the calm, scientific spirit in which they must be investigated, then you will see and help us a great deal more. And when you can scientifically experiment, ascertain the facts, classify the facts and the knowledge, and have a science, you will have a sufficient amount of knowledge to be able to to test the phenomena by the circumstances associated with them, just as you test an electrical machine by the existence of circumstances.

The phenomena will be in accordance with the conditions you supply. Well, friends, we have shown you that the science of slate-writing is a somewhat complex and curious matter. It is not, as we have stated, common, but will become more so in the time to come, as you enable us to continue our experiments.

What is the conclusion? That authority in matters of spiritual truth is admitted to be decaying throughout the world; that the facts of spiritual truth will ultimately have to vindicate themselves. Therefore the day of preaching and teaching may largely be considered as drawing toward its close, for men will say, the world is before us, life is around us, the facts of being are opened to inquiry and investigation, and in the future it will be he can teach best who knows the most.

Remember this: most assuredly a Spiritual Science is being built up in your midst to-day, the operation, effect and influence of which shall be outwrought from the materialism of science and the ecclesiasticism of religion, and it shall at last bring up the eternal truth clear as the light of the orb of day, that as a spiritual being man is related to the eternal verities of being, and to the great heart of God Himself.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Mind and Matter.

BY JOHN G. ARNOLD.

Man reasons from his own standpoint to expose his development and tell us his knowledge of the life beyond, without the erudition of law or the disclosure of life. But when we see expressed Deity everywhere, and every living, breathing form teeming with life that can not die, we need to seek no more of Deity than the result of law. We are all children of the law, and the law exists everywhere and reveals itself to man, and our duty is to erudite the cause and disclose the result of life in all its forms.

All we can recognize of man is life and substance, or mind and matter, and they are so interwoven that we can draw no lines between the two. Yet man is the component parts of two bodies and five senses. Science has demonstrated that matter, indestructible, inanimate and without life, there can be no manifestations of matter. Matter can not give birth to mind, or rocks and hills would well up with animation and there could be no condensed matter—no world. Still the universe abounds with suns and worlds and each have their constellations of planets and counterparts, seen and unseen.

Mind is the redeemer and master of matter, and yet the solution of matter is no less insolvable. The molecule is too small to contain life, and the earth we call solid is an assemblage of atoms so small that no eye can see. Man unfolds his possibilities as do the bud and leaf the tint of the rose, and the mighty oak are fed from the atoms of the elements, and our microcosm from the permeated atoms, and course their way through the pulsating sap and vitrating law. Matter is the dual of Deity, and there is no place, no condition, no form, wherein intelligence does or can exist apart from the union of mind and matter. Matter has and holds her own legitimate right and power to make positive, and neither crowds nor hastens her ceaseless works.

Man is the fulfillment of the law of animal life, but the animal is two-fold and has no soul, because it has not reached the form of man. Soul is the crown of form and seal of height. Man is three-fold, body, soul and spirit. Spirit is individualized mind, and the life within the soul; the soul is the ether of the body and covering of the spirit, and the body is the permeated atoms and loom of mechanisms. When the spirit leaves this world it drops one form. Can it drop the outer? Orthodoxy answers no, and endless punishment is the doom, with the progressive mind ever reaching out for more wisdom.

Ignorance has its price and knowledge its reward. Man prays God to save his soul; the soul is undeveloped and to sanction his prayer would defeat his inheritance and lose him immortality. The earth has her counterparts and each spiritual orb is a succession of ethereal brilliancy and spirituality, and a soul on the lower plane can not stand the radiance of a higher mansion; and the all important for the spirit is to evolve an immortal soul or form. Incarnation is the only avenue of unfoldment, and when nature retards the progress of life, evolution repeats to itself. And when the spirit has a call "come up higher," it drops its form, incarnates and builds another to suit its advancements and the heaven above.

A spirit subservient to the power of matter must wend its way, sometimes in the land of incarnation and sometimes in the land of soul, until matter is no longer a governing power, but is forever subservient to the master mind that has redeemed it; and because spirit incarnates it does not exhaust its individuality. 'Tis the only savior of mankind, and but for incarnation we should never be able to master ignorance and redeem an immortal soul.

Every effort of Nature is to break the fixedness of things. Evolution is against permanency. True life is a constant movement, constant interchange.—*Chicago Express*.

Letter from Brooklyn.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

In looking over last week's issue of your journal and seeing but little about Brooklyn in its sheets, I concluded to enlighten you a little as to our being a live people, notwithstanding that we are called the City of Churches, as well as of the dead, for beautiful Greenwood stands in our suburb like a great citadel of the unseen around us; and it is so full of the graves of the immortals that even now there is little room for more; while strangers seek its lovely shades, its lofty mounments, its pearly fountains, all unite in saying Pele Chaise with its tinseled ornaments, its narrow confines can bear no comparison in its mention; and when Greenwood's closing gates shuts out more inhabitants from its domain for want of room, the big city will have to burn its dead perhaps, for land is too dear within riding distance; to purchase another Greenwood convenient, for our unburied live ones of the future, would take a million dollars.

Well, I here some caviler say, what has this to do with Spiritualism? Prithee! friend, much, for if we are not very sure, whether the spirits care much for their old cast off bodies after the elements of future existence have been extracted from them, the principle that makes up the spirit form, we are certain that the vise holding casket of our immortals is too dear to us to be cast as offal in the market of forgetfulness; for this dear God give us grave room for the shell, if the substance is cared for by the spirit side of life. But then again, as the little girl said in her prayer about the baby, "Dear God come and finish baby." So, dear God, come and finish more land near the great cities, so that we may go now and then when the world has made us have a great fountain of unshed tears in our hearts so that we can pour them out to water the graves of our souls over the grass and the flowers of our sleeping dead, for I do not think I could try to cover so many sacred urns of ashes if they should be set in a row at my feet, for they would be floated all away by the rising tide of tears.

The Spiritualists of this city are clean gone daft about the new Independent Club of Brooklyn, formed by Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, now in full blast in their immense parlors. It has grown to one hundred and fifty members in one month, snd still increasing. No one can account for this remarkable increase of numbers, save it be in the increase of appetite for baked beans, porkless they say, and probably that fact makes them desirable for Jew and Gentile, as a vast improvement on the Boston culinary art, besides the recommending fact that the sinless dish is made by the fair hands of the matchless dames of the Independnt Club, and set when done in smoking pots on the snowy cloth of an endless table, full flanked by numberless piles of brown and white bread, biscuit, pickles, cut ham, tongue, corn beef, and tasteful chicken salad, truit, cake, coffee, tea, milk, etc., while hungry guests look with longing eyes, and ears listening for the call to supper.

Handsome Mr. Fletcher lifts his brown eyes to the ceiling saying, "For that which we are about to receive may the spirits make us truly thankful," drops into a chair, and so does the charming Mrs. F., and helps him pass down the sinless beans, plate after plate, until one cannot eat another bean, and find room for the other dainties. With stomachs full and pockets minus fifteen cents tax for the supper, all retire delighted to the evening's entertainment.

And Mr. Editor there is where the genius of the thing comes in, it fairly bubbles over; for the talent of the Club is pumped up in pailsful. Short speeches, recitations,music and singing; while a side-show goes on in a corner in psychometry of hankerchiefs, rings, letter reading,finishing up with a grand finale of spirit telegraphy by an expert, with his aparatus in a box, subject to critical view.

But I've gotten ahead of my story. The ladies of the Club have in the afternoon a sewing bee, which is largely attended, and the motto of which is, "Speak no evil."

This letter is so unconsciously long that I can only say that Conservatory Hall stands firm for the truth, and its charitable bosom remains open for a complimentary benefit for Brother Coons, the leader of many meetings as well as good works, on Thursday next, the sixth. While Mr. Fletcher holds a good audience there every Sunday, I believe all the month, the old Brooklyn conference is running steadily every Saturday night under the hand of Brother Bogart,its President, who believes in business principles even in a conference; the mediums flock around him like flies around a honey pot. Brother Bowen shakes his long head muttering, "Those mediums are waiting to get a chance at the platform, but I'm a whole committee on the lecture business, they'll have to ask me first." There is the veteran newspaper man, Brother Greene, he sits like a bookworm at the desk selling GOLDEN GATES and other spiritual food; we hand him the money, he puts his spectacles on his official nose, and makes the change as honestly as of old, I remember when he did not need spectacles and was not so stooping. But the old Conference is doing its work and bringing many to the truth, and supplying its hearers with a good variety of speakers, and a harmonious carrying out of the line of following the opening speaker in the line of thought and not in disputation and deffense. The Ladies Aid, of this Conference, are doing useful work for the Cause in sewing for the poor, becoming Marthas of the society, and Mrs. Streghern, its President, looks after the Marys, or mediums, with a kindly hand, those who sit at the feet of the Master Truth, and learn its wisdom.

The Women's Conference is still moving on to take its place among the helps of the Cause, that sustains us all in the work, the hope of converting the world into higher light and useful knoweldge. Mrs. McCutcheon,our President, is now a delegate to Washington for the cause of woman. So the work goes on. SHILOH.

BROOKLYN, March 2, 1890.

Spirits Found the Ore—Strange Story of How the Gogebic Mines were Located.

[Chicago Tribune.]

In the tremendous excitement which attended the development of the mines in the Gogebic range, one interesting and most singular story was overlooked. It has never been published that the mineral wealth in the Gogebic hills was located by the mystic power of clairvoyance. Millions of dollars have been made out of Gogebic mines, which are still producing tons on tons of ore every day, yet seven years ago the hills within which this wealth was hidden, were worth only the value of the scrubby pines upon them.

Among the persons who profited by the discovery of ore were the brothers J. O. and E. A. Hayes and their mother, who is now Mrs. Chynoweth. They were worth a few thousand dollars when they bought Gogebic land, and now they are millionaires. They own the Germania and Ashland mines, believed to be the richest iron mines in the world.

When wealth came to the Hayeses they resolved to use it wisely and for the good of mankind. They built at Hurley a school for the miners, and men who at fifty years of age could not read or write, now have something of an education.

Mrs. Chynoweth and her sons are believers in a singular sort of Christianity. They believe that the Bible precepts are to be lived up to to-day and that Christ's life should be taken as a pattern. They have no creed, no system of doctrine, and no name for their belief. They are not willing to be classed with Spiritualists, yet they believe in trances, second sight, and spirit messages. Those who attend the school at Hurley are instructed in this spiritual Christianity.

Two years ago the family purchased a large farm near San Jose, in California, laid out a magnificent park, built a palatial residence, and founded a school for laborers similar to the one in Hurley. Many families in Wisconsin who had been converted to the Hayes belief, moved to San Jose and built homes around the park. The colony attends services in the school building, and the members of the Hayes family preach the sermons and expound the Bible lessons.

Mrs. Chynoweth is the medium through whom the spirit power directs the affairs of the Hayeses and all their neighbors. When anything of importance is to be done Mrs. Chynoweth goes into a trance and speaks the will of the spirits.

E. A. Hayes, the elder brother, was at the Sherman House yesterday. He told the story of the discovery of iron in the Gogebic hills, in these words:

"My brother and I had graduated from the Madison University in the class of '82, and had practiced law long enough to build up a fair business, when mother, or the power over us, advised us to make money. We moved to Ashland, which was then a small town with a small boom. At that time the existence of ore in the Gogebic Range was not thought of, and, in fact, few white men had been through the country. Ashland is forty miles away from the place where the iron was finally found.

"One day mother was in a trance and we were consulting her about our affairs. Suddenly her face brightened up and she pointed out of the window in the direction of the Gogebic hills.

"'Go there,' she commanded. 'There you will find wealth. Go to the hills miles and miles off there, and you will find wealth, mountains of wealth, within them. Dig down and you will strike it.'

"A short time after that we spoke to Capt. Moore, who had been a prospector. He went in the direction mother had pointed out until he reached the hills. When he returned to Ashland he had with him a lot of excellent ore that he had found near where the Colby mine now is. The news spread rapidly and many people started for the hills. A. L. Norrey staked out a claim where the Ashland mine now is, but later gave it up. Hart & Shores sunk a shaft some distance in the rock, but stopped just ten feet above the spot where a vein of ore 146 feet wide was afterwards found.

"We consulted mother, and in her trance the power which controlled her directed us to purchase the land which Hart & Shores and Norrey had given up as worthless. The spirit told us to get as much land there as we could. A company was formed, and my brother and I bought an eighth interest. Prospectors were sent out to explore the hills which the company purchased, and while they were gone the power told us to buy a larger share. We tried to buy another eighth but no one would sell. Mother went into a trance and through her the spirit spoke, 'Wait; in a day or two you will have the opportunity you want.' Sure enough, the next day Sam Oslander, who owned an eighth, came back from the hills disgusted. He said they were digging in a swamp and that there was no ore anywhere near the property. My brother asked him why he didn't sell out, and he replied that he would sell if he could get what he had paid for his share, $250. My brother bought it and paid $10 to bind the bargain.

"The next day the news came that ore had been discovered. The spirit told us to dig deeper in the shaft that had been neglected. We did so, and uncovered the vein of ore which has not yet been exhausted.

"After that we trusted implicitly in what mother told us. In a trance she went out on the hill and located the Germania mine. We sunk the shafts where she told us to without any exploration whatever and struck the best vein in the mine. We have never known any of her prophecies to fail."

What About the Children?

Editor of Golden Gate:

I am much interested in reading the theosophical and spiritual literature of the day. But then, often while doing so, arises in my mind this query: "What about the children?"

While we are spending our time searching out and trying to satisfy ourselves of the truths of Spiritualism and Theosophy, and all that pertains thereto, and comparing the thoughts of others with our own, (which is the only true way to come to any just and right conclusions in the matter,) are we giving as much time and attention as we should to the rising generation, instilling in their minds such precepts and backing them up by our example; as will insure to us the right kind of women and men in the coming time, that the world will be proud to acknowledge as the outgrowth of our liberal and spiritual belief?

We see many who are vastly interested in this or that new work, enthusiastic in regard to reforms for themselves; but how and in what manner do they make the children interested in their undertaking? Have they time to come into the Lyceums or liberal Sunday Schools, act as officers or teachers? Are they found on the streets talking to the little waifs they meet, inviting them to come, and giving them a pair of shoes, hat or jacket, that they may or can come, where we can do them good?

It has been said by one of our Catholic brothers, give me the training and instruction of a child until his eighth year, and I will vouch for him that he never departs from the faith.

Every liberal-minded person should attend the Lyceum. If you are not willing to teach, form yourselves into an adult class, and spend the time in interchange of thought, thus encouraging the children by your presence, at the same time remembering "we are never too old to learn."

Let your thoughts go out to the little ones. What a small thing will bring happiness to a child. How much better it would be to place a flower in the hand of a little child and see the pleasure it brings and the ready appreciation of the gift, than to wait and send a costly bouquet to the grief-stricken mother, knowing it is *all* you can do.

I remember requesting a lady to take charge of a class of children about twelve or fourteen years of age. She hesitated, and said, "I know not what or how to teach." "Very well," I said, "go into the class and talk to the children about it; let them choose a subject, and you direct and ask questions about it." The result was a good report from the group—an interested and efficient teacher.

If you have no liberal Sunday School in your vicinity, talk to your friends—call the children together. Teach them no creeds, but to learn and practice the Golden Rule, by telling them how to begin *here* to live right, so that it shall be a pleasure to go on progressing in the never-ending life. Inculcate in them good principles—as a love of truth—love for the good and beautiful in nature. By so doing I am sure you will wish for no other reward than the pleasure you will derive while thus employed.

There is another source from which much good might be accomplished; namely: If we could have books written and published—woven into stories which shall abound in spiritual truth, and capable of being understood—how many more children would read them and unconsciously receive instruction, that would not look into the books suited to more mature minds and which the children think are *so dry*.

Could not such stories be written that would take the place of novels that so many of our young people are ready to devour, (that bring false notions into their minds and sometimes play sad havoc with future lives)? The public at large are willing to acknowledge that Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," has been read by thousands who would *not* have read a *plain essay* on the subjects therein treated.

This is a subject that I would agitate in the minds of every parent: "*What are* your children reading?"

Hoping that the above may strike the key-note to a melody wherein many thinking, acting minds will join in the chorus, and that the little ones thereby may be formed into line, keeping perfect step with happiness beaming from every eye in the great march of life I will, sign myself the children's friend,

Mrs. H. L. Bigelow.

San Jose, Cal., March, 1890.

You cannot order remembrance out of the mind; and a wrong that was a wrong yesterday must be a wrong to-morrow.—*Thackeray*.

As no roads are so rough as those that have been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints.—*Colton*.

It is more noble to make yonrself great than to be born so.

Genius begins great work; only labor finishes them.—*Joubert*.

Kaweah Colony.

Editor of Golden Gate.

This is the Indian name for one of the most wonderful places I ever visited—a co-operative colony, carrying out the principles of Bellamy's book. Is there a spot on earth where men and women can be as free as the birds and live without care or anxiety for the future? I answer, "Yes, at the Kaweah;" for it has been my happiness to visit them and to realize the glorious possibilities before these brave, unselfish men and women; all have an equal interest, and the good of one is the good of all. They have gone through probations which would have daunted less worthy souls; but all feel that they are preparing for the future such conditions as will make life a joy and delight, with no fear of poverty, but with such surroundings as are to be found no where else. I have carefully studied the Constitution and By-Laws, and find that the poorest member has the same voting power as the managers and trustees. No one is allowed more than one vote, or one share.

In the fastnesses of the mountains, thirty-six miles from Visalia in Tulare county, amid the most romantic surroundings, I found earnest men and women of the very best calibre, prepared to suffer and be strong so that they may build a colony which will be a refuge for people who believe in the dignity of labor and the brotherhood of humanity.

None can be in the presence of these earnest souls without feeling that a beautiful unselfishness permeates all their actions. In all the three years since the colony has been organized, not a single misdemeanor or quarrel of any kind has occurred; all is love and good will, and the effect on the children is very marked. The parents said to me: "If it were nothing but the good this colony has done our children, we would like to stay here always; "every one seems to have the determination to spend the rest of their lives here. I do not wonder; for the few days that I spent there make me wish that other duties would permit me to live among them. The noble men who have made sixteen miles of as good road as ever was built, are worthy of all honor. When supplies ran short (for it is the principle of these colonists not to borrow,) they cheerfully lived on beans and salt for three weeks, and gave every cent of their own money to keep the rest from starvation. Many of these are men of culture of no mean order. What pleased me most was the perfect equality of the women. They have the vote on all questions, and are treated with great respect. Their labor is paid for just the same as the men. The only coin is time checks. Each hands in the number of numbers or hours they have worked and receive a time check corresponding, which can be exchanged for anything inside the colony. When the marble and timber, of which there is an endless supply, can be brought to market, these time checks can be exchanged for more than their value in U. S. coin.

I asked one member, "Have you no overseers?" He said, "No, indeed; we have never had a member hand in more than the time they work, but often much less." "Why," he said, "I seldom work less than ten hours, but I never hand in more than eight. I know I get the benefit with the rest." The pay for an hour's work is thirty cents.

Never will the memory of my visit fade away. The hearty kindness of the people, their true and earnest unselfishness, the simplicity of their lives, their warm-hearted welcome, even the children jumping in to offer flowers of which there are one hundred varieties, and the glorious surroundings on the banks of the Kaweah's rushing waters. I could not help wishing that instead of planning for my journey to Scotland on April 11th, I might have cast in my lot with these people who are solving the problems of making the best of both worlds. Long live Kaweah, and may many such colonies spring into existence.

I am faithfully yours,

Margaret E. Parker.

P. S. I leave Los Angeles April 11th for New York and Liverpool. If any of your readers desire to join the party, they may send to me at Riverside. My daughter and I will do our best to make the journey pleasant. M. E. P.

Make all the money you can and do all the good you can with it, remembering that he who lives for himself alone lives for the meanest man in creation.

The strongest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.—*Colton*.

Nothing so adorns the face as cheerfulness. When the heart is in flower, its bloom and beauty pass to the features.

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—*Robert Hall*.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the Golden Gate, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, —— dollars."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Life's Shadows.

BY MRS. ROSE MAYNARD DAVID.

A wee baby mother puts "dollie" to bed
With tender caresses for each dainty care,
The tiny nightgown and coverlet spread
She tiptoes away, in the twilight, to prayer.

A fair maiden stands at her toilet to-night;
The innocent love-light lies deep in her eyes;
She waits for her lover; he comes, and the bright
Rapture is winging on time as it flies.

A young wife sits silently listening alone
For footsteps which quiet the heart's anxious beat,
She wishes and waits till dense shadows have grown
And lengthened the day where in darkness they meet.

A mother is rocking her baby to sleep—
He looks at her gravely 's they move to and fro,
As tho' wondering why sunshine leaves life incomplete,
While the wealth of our wisdom from deep shadows grow.

The shadows kiss lightly the fast closing eyes,
The loving hand gently lays baby to rest,
Still locked to her mother-heart sweetly he lies
In dreams, and floats calmly to realms of the blest.

A woman kneels low by a freshly-made grave,
The head-stone stares coldly: "He was her one child,"
With tear-laden eyes she bends lower, yet brave,
Till her lips meet the earth in her agony wild.

The twilight comes hurrying past her again,
To lose itself gladly in darkness of night,
Leaving her sadly alone in her pain
To mingle with shadows her tear-bedimmed sight.

A care-worn old woman waits watching alone;
The gathering shadows she welcomes; they sing
The same sweet song to her, "One day nearer Home,"
And the weary heart longs for the peace it will bring.

The grandeur of living in earth-life is past,
The spirit reposes where shadows ne'er fall,
So life—woman's life—goes on till the last,
And rests in the dawn-light the world weary soul.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March, 1890.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Gather the Fragments.

BY C. M. COFFIN.

Gather up the broken fragments
Of a shattered, ill-spent life;
Look for beauty, you will find it,
Look not for the grief and strife.

When a child you built a play-house,
Searched around you far and wide
For the bits of broken dishes
That had pictures on one side.

Though your life has been a sad one,
Still your memory takes you back
To the little gleams of sunshine
Falling o'er your childhood's track.

Thus it is, the clouds may gather,
Blinding you to reason's sight,
But the darkness brings the dawning
Of a higher, brighter light.

Every cloud has silver linings,
Every night must bring its day;
Every life has had its childhood,
Storms and sunshine, toil and play.

Every heart has had its sorrow,
Rich and poor, the old and young;
Every grave within it's bosom
From the world shields grief and wrong.

Every soul will find its mooring
When the race of life is won;
Every laborer gets his hire
When his work on earth is done.

Gather up the broken fragments,
Find the beauties, one by one;
Gather up the rays of sunshine,
Though your life work 's nearly done.

Gather up the broken fragments,
Though your path is bleak and bare;
Gather up the broken fragments,
They 'll be mended "over there."

Mended by the hands of angels—
Friends who've passed beyond the line;—
Stand and gather up the fragments
Floating down the river Time.

Only gems that shine the brightest,
Like the pictures on the ware,
Are by angels reaped and garnered,
All the rest is earthly tare.

"Sow the seeds of love and kindness,"
Has been sung by many a bard,
But the angels sing the chorus,
"Justice brings its own reward."

ARLINGTON, KANSAS, March, 1890.

The Falling of Thrones.

Above the din of commerce, above the clamor and rattle
Of Labor disputing with Riches, of Anarchists' threats and groans,
Above the hurry and bustle and moan of that bloodless battle,
Where men are fighting for dollars, I hear the falling of Thrones.

I see no savage host, I hear no martial drumming,
But down in the dust at our feet lie the useless crowns of Kings;
And the spirit of Progress is steadily coming, coming;
And the flag of our Republic abroad to the world he flings.

The Universal Republic where worth and birth are royal,
Where the lowliest born may climb on a self-made ladder to fame;
Where the highest and proudest born, if he be not true and loyal,
Shall find no masking title to cover or gild his shame,

Not with the bellow of guns, and not with sabres' whetting,
But with growing minds of men is waged this swordless fray,
While over the dim horizon the sun of royalty setting
Lights with a dying splendor the humblest toiler's way.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Spirit Love.

One who stands beside me in the twilight,
With her tender eyes
Fixed on mine—clear as the heavens, star-bright,
In the Northern skies.

Speechless, shadowy, beautiful, transparent,
Lays her slender hand
On my shoulder. There it lies apparent,
Trembling as I stand.

Speak to me, for I am often saddened
By the stings of time;
Worse than all, my soul is growing deadened
By earth's soil and grime.

Life's dull pupil, I would fain be learning
Of a future sphere;
Weary of the soul's eternal yearning—
Wisdom costs so dear.

Welcome art thou, angel visitant!
Glide down the moonlit stair;
Teach of spheres perhaps not very distant
Outside this earthly air.

—ROSAMUND MC WILLIAM.

The Sun Angel Order, Again.

EDITOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE.

In reading "Uncertainty," in your last issue, I am led to jot down my thoughts again on the subject of the "Sun Angel Order of Light." I regret that I could not make the teachings of this Order plain to our esteemed Brother Mackie, I will endeavor to tell him as I understand it what the Order is, and I trust that Brother Fayette will also respond to his request.

The Order now established in the Valley of Earth, is a link that forms the chain of the Order in the higher spheres, established there by beings who have finished their many incarnations on this planet as well as other planets that swing in space. It is an Order whose teachings of love and divine angelhood with the armor of truth, strives to reach every embodied soul now upon this earth plane. It is an Order of Brother- and Sisterhood of all mankind. It is Theosophy in its truest sense. It is an Order that in the higher spheres claims to have gained the heights of wisdom and knowledge. The spirits who return to teach these truths have become a law unto matter.

The spirit Saidie, or "Mother Saidie," so called by the Order, is the spirit who first materialized through the mediumship of Mrs. Anna Daniels, in Mexico, N. Y. She came to make known the establishment of *this* Order among the children of Earth now ready to receive its teachings. She is the central and head of the Order. Many are not, and will not be ready for the light, till after repeated re-embodiments. Many to-day recoil from these truths because they go against their preconceived ideas of this life. They refuse to believe it possible they could have existed previous on this planet, or any other. This Order is a school as it were. Its aims are to reach the highest and purest thoughts and acts of the children of Earth, and lead them on to a higher light. It is an Order that teaches us of our first incarnations, our first coming in contact with matter, tells us the problems of our many lives, the causes and effects of conditions that are apparent in every embodiment. It is an Order both here on earth, and the upper spheres, that have banded together to teach all that will of the mighty *truths* of *incarnation* and *unity* of *dual souls* in the *final ultimate.* It is an Order where truths are made so plain to the members, that it sometimes awakens slumbering memories of past re-embodiments. It teaches man as Dual, and proves it with its knowledge, and when he is ready to receive the crown well earned through his many re-incarnations, will be united with the mate of his soul, (who has passed through similar changes) never again to part, through countless ages of eternity.

The fact of these spirits coming to earth to establish this Order, to teach these truths, is beyond a doubt. Gentlemen and ladies of the highest type of intellect have tested them, time and time again, and persons who could not be persuaded to swallow a pill simply because it was sugar coated—persons who have testified to what was real to them, and will if called upon do so again. The heavenly land co-operates with the earthly.

Many of the Order have passed from this incarnation since it was formed on the earth plane. They have returned in spirit with "glad tidings of great joy." *They have found* the *truth!* The "Sun Angel Order of Light" is finding vent (under other names) in all parts of the globe. Those belonging to this Order are supposed to be a close Brotherhood, and to set their head-lights above the petty controversies that affect the masses; but *ever* be ready to fan the fevered brows of those who can see only the reflection of false lights.

The Order is one that bids all and each of its members to strive with the highest light given them to elevate themselves, as well as to help their less favored or advanced brother to rise. Believing does not establish a truth; we must grasp what seems clearest the present moment; what we are capable of perceiving. The rotation of nature's forces go on forever. Each change like the leaves of a book, must be turned to be read. Are these changes not similar to our lives? Who can prove that the spirit can not clothe itself, again and again,—can not come up through matter to the full knowledge of life and its *realities* in the environments of the flesh? Can there be anything created anew in nature? Is it not change in expression through the forces? I do not say but that there are different forms in every rotation, but the same spirit or divine spark must be forever the center of each individual embodiment, and must in the summing up of all, realize *all* the changes it has passed through to gain the hights of home and everlasting matehood and love.

All nature is dual. All nature *is* love. We must reason that in each incarnation the soul receives new light, new awakenings to the realities of something it has passed through—something it has gained. Notice all reformers, according to the experience of their last embodiment, and you will see the fruits thereof in their teachings to-day. We are all and each governed by circumstances and surroundings in this present life. "Truth, like water, will take the shape of the dish it is poured into." If this short stay was all the time there was for the restless spirit to expand and reach out to satisfy its best longings, there must be a big mistake and a great injustice in the whole plan.

Our sweet sister, who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Cousin Ruth," has portrayed my own views of this all momentous question, Theosophy, in the last issue. Her article is peace-giving and soul-inspiring. Her tender words fall like refreshing dew over my soul. Surely, the angels are with thee. Her Theosophy is like a radiant spirit from the celestial spheres. Thank you, dear Sister.

"The Court," with his benign, countenance and kindly courteous heart, will not find his rulings combating with the arguments of our fair "Cousin Ruth," I trust. Do not pause "Hon. Court," in your many duties among your "able counsel" to investigate "shells," "elementeries," "gobblins," etc. But keep your mind on the main issue, simply the truth; for "it is mighty," and will come to the front sooner or later. The angel who is waving the banner is also singing songs of gladness and praise on the mountain of glorious realities. Fraternally,

ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

From the Spirit Side of Life.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

At our regular seance March 1, 1890, the first message given through the hand of Mr. Fish, was as follows:

"We come to learn of the laws that govern the universe of worlds, and to understand the wherefores of spirit intercourse between the various worlds that compose the vast realms of creation; for creation is constantly taking place though you may not comprehend it.

"The worlds of matter are working throughout the vast universe; a change is constantly taking place—a great refining process is at work that is developing, changing and beautifying the highest things of life. There is much to learn yet. Mankind has only, as it were, commenced the lesson of life, though they may, by reason of strength, arrive to the age of three-score and ten. Let no one suppose that they are calculated to grapple with the things that are eternal; for the experience of one short life is as the merest particles of dust in the balance. What is most needed is an experimental knowledge for the purpose of understanding the important principles of truth rather than to establish some preconceived opinion which may have been found.

"How grand it is to know that the follies of life will yet be atoned for by a fair understanding of what the responsible duties of man are to himself, his fellowmen and to the powers; that though superior to him, he cannot avoid under no consideration whatever.

"ABEL JACKSON."

The second message was from our friend J. M. Roberts:

"I wish to say that it is well to be alive to the great world about you as you behold injustice and imperfection on every hand.

"I suffered from the follies of this life, untold torments. I fought the good fight against the enemies of the spirit world, and wore out the physical form, but the desire to see the good work go on has never for a moment left me, and I hope never will. I expect to work on in some field of labor until my task is done and I go to a higher mission; therefore you will often hear from me as the stalwart laborer for the good Cause that is so near to all, to lay aside the obsolete conditions of past years and look higher for the light that shines from the other side of life so beautiful.

"Be ye faithful, every one who has been blessed by the great light under consideration, and know of a certainty that there is a glorious future awaiting the faithful and consistent here. Yours as ever,

"J. M. ROBERTS"

Next came Barbara Allen whose spirit I evoked and to give me one test:

"Why should true believers desire tests after having so many? You will remember our pleasant conversation together, and the memory of them is with me still. I was an imperfect instrument in the hands of the spirit world to carry out a plan which I did to the best of my power, and am still interested in the great work that was broken off in the world where the body was dissolved; but my usefulness was not in the least impaired. But the line of march for me has been onward and upward ever since.

"I thank you for your kindness to me in the form, and I know that we again will renew our acquaintance when life and its varied struggles are over.

"There is a grandeur indescribable in a knowledge of these great principles.

"I promised you I would return to you after so-called death, and I have come many times and am thankful that I can do so. Your friend

"BARBARA ALLEN."

Next Philemon Brown came:

"The universe is all bright when properly understood.

"All that remains for man to do is to square himself by the great laws of universal harmony and come into order, as he cannot change those laws; he has to change himself to come into harmonious conditions with the laws that conflict so much with him here.

"PHILOMEN BROWN."

Next Felix Thomas came:

"The golden chords of past memories are never broken, and it is a fact pleasant to contemplate that friend will meet friend again and live over the earlier reminiscences of life.

"Nothing is lost. The refining processes of nature are constantly working for us a higher development, but the good and true can never die.

"All the noble attributes of the human soul will come up somewhere once again, and cause us to rejoice that we have had a being. Your friend

"FELIX THOMAS."

NOTES OF EXPLANATION.—The first message was a neighbor. He formerly lived in Binghamtown, where he held the position of deacon of the church. He came to Vineland in about 1865, and here vibrated from church doctrines into the ranks of the Spiritualists.

The second message is from that noble defender of mediums. As his writing shows here, he still keeps strongly in the work. Now he is on the other side. Welcome friend Roberts. You are true as ever.

The third message was from my old and tried medium in Boston, through whom, in the Fall and Winter of '62, I received the most beautiful of messages. I could never forget the many things of astonishment that greeted my ears through her wonderful powers, and the promise of return—the fulfillment so true: "Yes; we shall meet over there."

The fourth message from Philemon Brown, was a cousin. I had not met him for many years. We came together by accident, in Burlington, Vt., and when I told him of the new light, he turned his back and walked off. Now he says, through our medium, "he didn't think it possible for spirits to return, but now he is with us every seance." This is the position of thousands; they have to become spirits before they can believe.

The last message was from a friend I met at Saratoga, a few years ago, and found him bold and fearless in his owning the truth; and when I sent my guardian for his spirit, the response came quick.

Fraternally, RILEY M. ADAMS.

VINELAND, N. J., March 4, 1890.

She Wonders.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The press, *not* the pulpit or liveried priests, has been my educator and beacon light, and, in view of this, am glad to see that you speak my mind to the letter on the great *unsolved* problem of the day,—Theosophy. Belonging to the same school of thought with Dr. Dean Clarke, I, too, wonder "what is the use of it?" Who ever heard of Theosophy until after the advent of Modern Spiritualism? Having developed (through circles), as a medium in San Francisco ten years ago, and speaking at the different meetings in that city, I can call to mind vividly, too, when there, who now add to their names "F. T. S.," spoke under *inspiration*, and sailed under no other color than "true blue" Spiritualists.

Again I wonder: Spiritualism, spelled with a big S, pure and undefiled, and unadulterated, void of *fraud* and "oriental mysticism, or some other jaw-breaking, imaginary monstrosity" of a name that not one in ten thousand could understand is good enough for me; and if Madame Blavatsky, Col. Olcott, Sinnett, and all their retinue of followers, were to tell me that my *friends*, who come to me in spirit, giving me hope and consolation when the clouds gather thick and fast about me, ever guiding me onward and upward, were simply "shells," "elementaries," etc., *I* know better. My knowledge is *founded on experience.* I have no belief other than eternal life and eternal progression; *not* progression through "re-incarnation," either.

At present I have no more use for Theosophy than I have for orthodoxy. I can understand orthodoxy; that means the bible, founded on blood. If there is any virtue in Theosophy, I, for one, am willing to wait for more evidence than that found in the Theosophical literature of the day or four-hour speeches on "Atma-Buddhi-Manasic Triads," to say nothing of "Karma-Rupic Phantoms."

Yours for Truth,

MRS. C. M. COFFIN.

ARLINGTON, Reno county, Kansas.